TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I have a good friend, rector of a popular church not a hundred miles from Toronto, who is one of the biggest, heartiest and widest-minded men in my acquaintance. Some time ago in order to furnish an opportunity for an ambitious soloist, he consented to have her sing in his church. The faces she made and the sounds she produced were something dreadful. For a moment my friend was quite paralyzed by the result of his good nature, then he arose and announced as the succeeding hymn one which began with these suggestive words, "Great God, what wondrous things we see and hear." The audience, without laughter or any special demonstration, appreciated the appropriateness of his selection and did all their laughing after they went home.

There is an old saying, "What funny things we see when we haven't got a gun." Like my friend the rector we also hear funny things, and traveling for many days in a sleeping-car is the place to hear interesting dialogues which are not expected to be published. They were in the next berth to us, not long married, for they evidently misunderstood one another. Somehow, when she wanted to talk he wanted to read, and when she wanted to read he wanted to talk. Going down through Texas a great many varieties of cactus presented themselves, where the few live oaks in occasional groves, near the streams, were about the only things worth seeing. He endeavored to point out the different sorts and was willing to explain the difference between them. She apparently had no interest in the cactus family. While she was reading it was his habit to cry out, "Look here, Fannie, there is a new kind of cactus." By the time she turned her attention to it we were far past the vagrant growth. He seemed to watch for cactus, and demanded that his spouse should do so as well as himself. When we heard "Look here, Fannie," we always expected something, but it was not long before Fannie settled down to her book and never looked. He became disgusted and indignant, and when tired of drawing her attention to things she wouldn't look at he finally contented himself with occasionally ejaculating, "Now, there is a new kind of cactus, but I suppose you came out here to read the Duchess. Don't care for cactus." She continued to read the Duchess; he continued to watch the cactus. As we were passing a specially fine collection of this Texan production he called out excitedly, "Say, Fannie, look at this cactus!" She still read the Duchess and never raised her eyes. Then in a rage he roared, "Say, Fannie, why in hell won't you look at the cactus?" She gave him a reproachful look and resumed her reading. Where the road branched off from the International and Great Northern he endeavored to find out which way she wanted to go, whether towards California or via Laredo to Mexico. Fannie wouldn't say; in fact, Fannie was mad. We had half an hour to wait. They stood on the platform and argued. Finally Fannie got sullen and stubborn. Her husband offered to go either way but Fanny would make no manifestation of her desire. He begged her to say which way he should buy the tickets, for he seemed to have lots of money and had apparently come out to enjoy himself by going where they pleased. As train time drew near he became more persuasive; he coaxed, scolded, swore, but Fannie wouldn't say. The train for the west came in; he begged her to announce her decision. She remained sullen and silent. When our train went out we left them standing on the platform. He had hold of her arm trying to get her to get aboard, but Fannie was a stayer. We went away and left them, he with face red and angry, she perfectly calm, sullen and immovable. Where they went or what became of them nobody ever knew, but it became a byword amongst the passengers, "Fannie, look at the cactus!" "Fannie, see the bridge!" "Fannie, why the devil won't you look at the cactus?" Such are the funny things you see when you haven't a gun, yet we wonder at the increase of crime, and how it is people can't live together.

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Talking about the kind of people one sees, I have a vivid recollection of a poet who was impressed with the vigor and appropriateness of the things he wrote. For five hundred miles he recited fragments of his poetry, wrote down paragraphs of it interspersed with descriptions of the magnificent ranches he managed. My friend, the Q. C., was innocent enough to leave the train and visit with him a couple of days. The fare was dreadful, the ranch a vast waste of cactus plains, the poet himself the last man who should be given charge of a commercial enterprise. He is publishing a book. He recited about two hundred pages to us. If he is a worse ranchman than he is a poet, disaster waits upon his company.

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Then again we had neighbors whose five-year-old baby ran the party. There never was the smallest decimal of an hour that she didn't want something, a glass of milk, an orange, some candies, a picture book, etc., all of which she got. The mother and father divided their time in nursing her, coaxing her to keep quiet, getting tired, spanking her, making her sit down, opening the window and shutting it, letting her go through the baggage, refusing to let her go through the baggage, pointing out the interesting features in the scenery, trying to get her to sleep—it was a continuous misery. We had ten hours of it. One good spanking would have settled the whole business and she would have been a neighborly and orderly child. She got twenty shakes, quite as many slaps, cost her parents five dollars, and was an unspeakable nuisance to everybody in the car. And yet this outfit was the successor of Fannie and her miserable husband. If an old bachelor had been in "No. 6" he would have sworn that his sense in remaining unmarried deserved a diploma.

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I would much rather hear a sermon than read it. A sermon preached by an earnest man as it comes warm from his heart, is as much different from the same sermon read from cold type as hot tea is from cold dish water. A smart sermon preached by a smart preacher may be so adorned by rhetorical and elocutionary frills that the listener who is not deeply in earnest may fail to detect its insincerity, its ornate shallowness. But when we get the worn out effort of a "smart" preacher printed on rough paper in cheap ink, surrounded by patent medicine ads. and bankrupt sales, it is one of those melancholy things which make us sorry that preachers ever preach when they have nothing to say.

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Last Sunday night Archbishop Wild held forth in his Bond street cathedral with regard to soul-sleep and annihilation, his text, Hebrews xii. and a slab of the 23rd verse. I speak of it as a slab, as the use he made of it was as unjustifiable as if he had pretended that the piece of bark he took from the tree was the tree itself. Those who occasionally drop in to hear the advance agent of the Lost Tribes could very well go away and forget, amidst the enthusiasm and the novelty, the many absurdities and contradictory things they had heard, but when his sermon is made the conspicuous feature of a sensational paper, it is a different matter. When we read fragments of the scriptures as they are mixed in with rubbish, the solemn tones of the organ and the softening influence of song and prayer are lost, and one wonders how even a sensational preacher can permit such silly and ineffectual things to get into print with his name at the head of the column, to lure the unwary into contact with that which is neither edifying nor readable.

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We are not told what the adherents of the soul-sleeping idea believe. The passages quoted have nothing to do with the argument. Meaningless comparisons are made, random quotations presented, and a general effort made to show that spirits can exist outside of the body. But what has that to do with soul-sleeping? In one of his quotation where reference is made to II. Cor. iv., 18, it is said the things which are not seen are eternal. The speaker says, "You see my body, you see something that is temporal, something that will dissolve, something that in a few hundred years will be mingled with the dust of this earth; but the spirit that is in this house of clay you do not see; it is therefore eternal, and will live through that change called death." Now those who looked at Dr. Wild would see a very faultless suit of black, a set of very fine whiskers, and an intelligent and pleasing face, but they couldn't see his liver. But that does not prove that his liver "is therefore eternal and will live through that change called death." True, if he were cut open that organ might be found, and I hope for his sake in good order, and yet the spirit would not be found. But we could as easily understand how the spirit did its work as how the liver fulfilled the tasks assigned to it. Such an argument as this seems puerile, and yet such premises are much more tenable than those he occupied, not that his doctrine depends upon the random quotations he made, but that apparently he either lacked time or industry in hunting up proper authorities.

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He asks, "What do you see when a person is dying? You see the body, you see life being gradually withdrawn; you do not see the body that is unfettering itself, freeing itself from this house of clay; no; it is the real man and is not seen by these fleshy eyes." Now all this may be true, yet Dr. Wild cannot properly make any affirmation as he has had no experience his congregation has not had. The majority of the creeds insist that the very body which dies with its bones, etc., must rise again and connect the physical with the spiritual resurrection in a way which makes the separation of the spirit and body entirely unintelligible. I certainly believe that a spirit can exist outside of the body, as I can also believe that the body can exist without the spirit, as in the case of an idiot. Yet my belief does not establish the separate existence of body and spirit, for how do I know that the body of an idiot ever had a spirit or that any tenement of clay which has been deserted by life ever had a spirit? I may cite scriptural passages, and then the proof depends upon the belief of the hearer in the scripture itself, but should I preach and fail in adducing scriptural proof, I would indeed fall altogether as Dr. Wild did. It is not sufficient to read a few passages which deal with spirit life or with the life of man under the old covenant. It is as necessary to be convincing and coherent in the pulpit as anywhere else.

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The doctor gives some interesting examples intended to prove that the spirit can exist even in this world, in the body, independent of its functions. He tells us of people who have lain in a trance, their bodies refusing to decompose, and their physical powers as alert as ever even to the hearing of conversation and the seeing of sights, as if they had been able to speak. He even goes so far as to allege that they have raised a disturbance in their coffin when being lowered into the grave, and in several instances have barely escaped burial by speaking to their friends at the funeral. Nobody disputes this, yet what does it prove? Nothing but that they weren't dead. It does not prove that they were specially alive spiritually, but the fact that decomposition had not set in makes it plain that they were not dead physically, and one might as well take the example of a well person as that of one who was supposed to be dead, but wasn't. In the first place, bodies do not necessarily decompose when all intelligence, motion, resistance, leaves them. The spirit may be there still. We can't tell. Dr. Wild would not allege that a subject who becomes an imbecile, knowing no more and doing nothing better than a brute, is still the tenement of an immortal spirit that may have been purified by beautiful living and orthodox views prior to an accident which had made the surviving relic the most ignoble fragment of animated nature.

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If, then, the body can exist without the spirit, and if, as everyone admits who believes in the probability of immortality, the spirit can exist without the body, of what advantage are the incidents he quotes? The body may die and the spirit live. The spirit may go away or die, we cannot tell, and the body may live. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." It remains then but a question as to how we obtain a share in Christ and His sacrifice, a question which is easily answered.

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Dr. Wild says in his comparisons of the "effects and relations of the two Adams to the human race," that "by the fall of Adam we, unconditionally on our part, lost several blessings; let us admit for argument's sake that eternal life was one of the blessings we lost. Now through the second Adam—Christ—is it not reasonable to suppose that we have these unconditional losses restored to us? . . . It seems to me that the blessings restored in Christ are more than we lost in Adam." In such an argument as this we have to let Dr. Wild argue it out with the author of Corinthians, and further on to engage in combat with himself when he asserts that under the old dispensation the chosen people shared in the sacrifice of Christ which had not been made. I would like to inquire where in the Old Testament the people were taught the doctrine of immortality, or why Job, when he looked upon the face of his dead, and in his anguish asked the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" received no answer, nothing more definite than the poetic utterances of the prophets and psalmists, utterances so indefinite that when the Christ himself came preaching the possibility of an endless and glorious life, the chosen people failed to understand him.

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It is very well to ridicule the Sadducees and to point out the arguments they had with the believers in unconditional immortality. It is also very easy to laud the Pharisees who confessed the resurrection, but if the doctor would follow the conduct of the Pharisees, he would find them more opposed to Christ than the other sect, both of whom were of the "chosen people." When did the Pharisees become so excellent an example, so wise in doctrine, so unerring in teaching?

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Dr. Wild asserts, "The heathens are provided for by a law peculiar to themselves as related in Romans ii. 12. Children being unconditionally condemned in the first Adam are unconditionally saved in the second Adam. Christ says that a child cannot be lost." Archbishop Wild differs with the creed-makers in the respect that a child cannot be lost. If not, why does he baptize infants? Is it to save them from smallpox, or the devil? How can he say that children were unconditionally condemned in the first Adam? How can any man have the heart to believe that every baby before the birth of Christ had to be damned? And his assertion means this if it means anything. It is as unreasonable as it is brutal. If children were unconditionally damned through the Jewish dispensation, who can wonder at the slaughter of the innocents, the physical death inflicted by a tyrant king on the babies of his kingdom?

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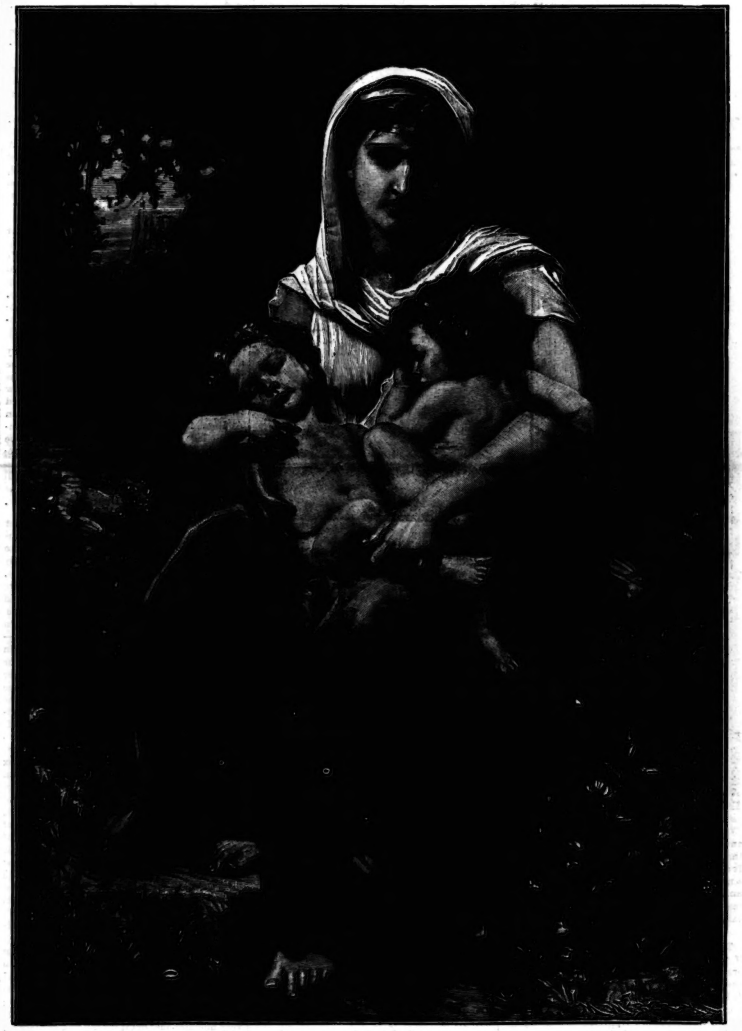
I am not attempting to disprove the incoherent assertions of Dr. Wild, but to simply point out that he has preached a sermon in which he has proved nothing, one by which he must have increased the perplexity of every listening mind, nor does he make his position clearer or the mental struggle of his hearers less difficult when he tells us that "not above one in ten ministers or members of the Christian church believe in the doctrine of annihilation or soul-sleep." He endeavors at the conclusion of his sermon to prove by majority rule that which he has been unable to prove by scripture. Supposing only one man believes it, supposing that not more that one in ten believe it, supposing that nine out of ten believe it, does that prove anything? I hate to hear these profound questions argued by men who are either ignorant of the position of those opposed to them, or fall to explain the many arguments which entrench the doctrine which it is sought to controvert. After reading his sermon I have no idea as to what Dr. Wild means by soul-sleep, though by annihilation one can't help gathering the opinion that the holders of such a doctrine believe that the spirit must die with the body, though it may mean that the spirit may die with the body or may die at some future time when it receives the sentence of death. To the student of the Bible it must seem plain that the God who created the spirit can



CHARITY.

destroy it, and Dr. Wild has not shown that if the spirit so lives as to meet at the judgment day a Creator who disapproves of its past life and present condition, that he cannot condemn it to death. Indeed, it seems more within the reach of human reason—reason which should be always bounded and influenced by the best impulses of the heart, thereby distilling that rare quality, mercy—that death rather than torture should be the fate of those unfit to live. It should be agony enough to every soul fit to survive that there is a possibility that by reason of misdeeds we may not survive. It is almost immaterial to the soul which is to live forever, whether it sleeps a few hundred years before judgment day or finds its judgment day when life forsakes its earthly tenement. Altogether it seems less important—except as the idea of eternal torture may teach us to hate orthodox religion—whether the soul may be annihilated or not, whether it may sleep for a few centuries or not. The main point seems to be the one chiefly forgotten by pulpiteers of all sorts, whether each one of us is doing our share on this earth to make souls fit to live, and by kindliness and truth helping mortals to die so that they may fear neither sleep nor a sudden bursting into the presence of the God that made them.

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Last Sunday afternoon when I was talking with one of the cleverest women in this city and undoubtedly one of the best Sunday school teachers, she told me that she had just been trying to teach her class, which, by the way, is quite a youthful one, something in regard to the prayer of the Pharisee. She is one of those vivacious women who are so thoroughly in earnest that they can never be content without illustrating the point they desire to make plain. She admitted that she leaned up against the organ and showed them how the ordinary Pharisee prays, and I asked her how it seemed to strike the youngsters. She said that every bone in her body ached before she could get them to see the point. I remarked that it was probably because they had seen so much of that sort of thing that they accepted it as the regulation tone and posture. She is very orthodox and answered me by asking "Where?" "At church." "Come now," she said, "you are too hard on preachers. There is nobody on earth I pity so much"—then after a pause—"except it be the preacher's wife."

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Did you ever see anybody who envied the preacher's wife? I never did. Yet why should she be the object of general commiseration? Is she not the partner and better half of one who is the spiritual leader of a large number of people? He is looked up to, or expects to be, as the wisest and best of his sex. He tells people how to act in order to go to heaven, and what to do in order to escape the other place. He tells us how to live on earth so as to produce the best fruits of righteousness, and admonishes us on the evils of those dissipations which are supposed to be the torments of a wife and the ruin of a home. Knowing these things so well and being forced to at least seem to practice what he preaches, why should not the preacher's wife have the most desirable situation in the whole domain of matrimony? Yet everybody knows she hasn't. Her chief mission seems to be to have babies and trouble, donation parties and seedy gowns, a headache, a heartache, and an old-fashioned bonnet. Why is it? Are people so good to their pastor that they must take revenge on his wife? If she laughs too frequently or too loud she is frivolous, and scandalizes the church. If she doesn't laugh at all she is sour, and to use a phrase I have often heard quoted, "counteracts the beautiful influence of her husband." If she dresses poorly the wives of the elect allege that her attire is a continual reproach because of the smallness of her husband's salary. If she wears anything new they shake their heads and say that his reverence is getting too much or his wife wouldn't try to lead the fashions in the church. If her husband is friendly with his lady parishioners they wonder how she likes it, and remark that she hasn't spirit enough to resent anything. If he is distant it is generally remarked that she is jealous and he is afraid to look at any other woman. Taken altogether, she suffers through the poverty of his early circuits, endures the reproach of the days when he hasn't to go hungry, and is made to feel most keenly the years of prosperity when he gets enough to live upon. Altogether it is probably the most disagreeable position a woman could occupy, and is a frightful rebuke to religious people everywhere and in every denomination. The general idea that the meek wife isn't cared for half so much as some woman in the congregation who demands a great deal of attention, suggests what I believe in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand is absolutely false, that the preacher is not thoroughly a gentleman. That she is considered unhappy under any and every circumstance, suggests the idea that the preacher reserves his religion for his pulpit and parish, and is forgetful of his home. I don't know what is it, I can't pretend to explain it, yet the fact remains that the world is sorry for the preacher's wife, and individuals are not very apt to try to make it any more pleasant.

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The discussion as to whether Great Britain will coerce Newfoundland, seems to me essentially foolish. It is long since the mother country interfered with the self-government of her colonies, nor is past experience such as to suggest the hope that she could be successful. There is no great faith in the absolute wisdom of Downing street, but there is too much history, too many precedents, too much present danger in such an experiment for anyone to imagine for a moment that it will be made. It is quite on a par with the fool-suggestion that regular troops will be sent to Canada to subdue by their presence the annexationists. No one but an utter ass would make such a proposition. In the first place it is not necessary—Canada can attend to her own troubles. In the second, it would have exactly the contrary effect to the one designed. If anybody in this country esteemed himself oppressed or repressed by a red-coat, he would be more successful as an agitator, no matter how lowly his position, than Sir Richard Cartwright himself. There is, however, in these foolish suggestions, an intimation that the colonial crisis is near at hand, that the colonies in the Orient as well as those on this western hemisphere have been able to impress the fact upon the home government that Imperial countenance and some share in an Imperial council must be given them, or every year they will drift further from what our people still affectionately call "home interests." In other words our recent agitations both in Australia and North America are bringing us nearer to Imperial Federation.

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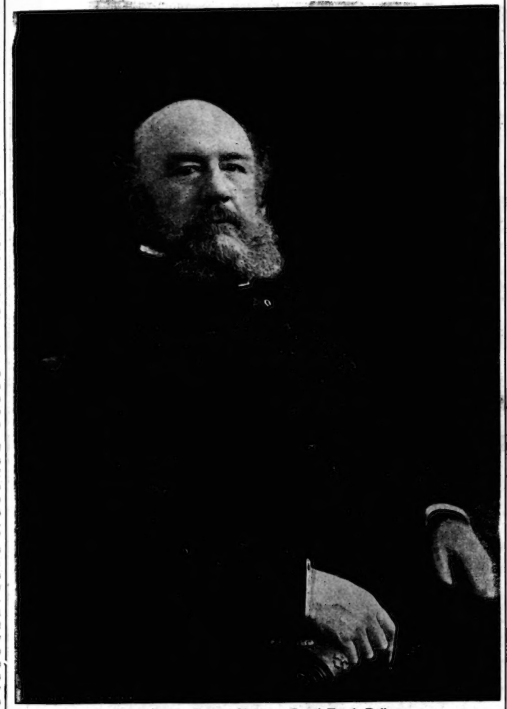
Such Pecksniffian indulgences as the Canadian press have been guilty of with regard to the New Orleans trouble, do more harm than good. As a correspondent of one of the local papers has pointed out, we have had Lynch law in our own country. Two farmers "fought it out" the other day, and considering the absence of temptation, we are not so irreproachable as might be imagined. In England the tide has already turned and correspondents are pointing out that in Sicily itself the Mafioso were shot down like dogs in their native land. The idea that Italians in Canada and the various states of the Union south of us are likely to organize for a raid upon New Orleans, is absurdly grotesque, and I wonder that so patriotic an Italian, so pleasant a gentleman as Mr. Michael Bavso should entertain or give voice to such a sentiment as the propriety or possibility of such a thing being done. If members of the Mafia Society are outlawed at home, and those killed were admittedly members of it in New Orleans; if the jury was either bribed or intimidated, and nobody seems to controvert this, respectable Italians cannot for a moment consider it an insult to their nationality, but rather the continuance of the crusade of law and order begun in Italy and finished in Louisiana. It is to be hoped that no more foolish talk will be indulged in. It adds no honor to the brave Italian name, to a name which has been made glorious by the unification of Italy, to a name which now represents as brave soldiers and venturesome sailors as ever defended a father land.



L. J. Seargeant, General Manager Grand Trunk Railway.

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The *Mail* newspaper once had a prominent, if not honorable, position as one of the party organs in Toronto. Organship is doubtless irksome to those who have an independent mind. It is doubly galling to find party chains holding one fast when disappointed ambition as well as a disappointed party, combine in criticism of the organ grinder. Such was the case when, by an act of base treachery which can never be either forgotten or forgiven in this country, the *Mail* deserted its post, acted as a spy in the camp of its former friends, and behaved as if it were the confederate of its old-time enemies. Commercially, newspapers are generally forgiven if they are successful, but amidst a very scant success and keeping in view an enormous greed, the *Mail* is as much of a horror commercially as it is politically. Its proprietors have seen nothing of a journalistic sort start in Toronto, without endeavoring to compete with and destroy the enterprise. When the *World* began an evening as publication, the *Evening News*, at that time a branch of the *Mail*, was launched to oppose both it and the *Telegram*. The *Fireside Weekly* had nicely got under way when the *Mail* launched its *Farm and Fireside*, a penny-ante adjunct of its weekly edition. SATURDAY NIGHT had just realized the possibilities of a purely Saturday journal, when a boiler plate imitation with a similar name made its appearance, also owned by the *Mail*. The *Mail* worked, and is working, a big book fake, supposed to be illustrative of Toronto, in which men who are vain enough have been persuaded to have their photographs inserted, or if they have houses fine enough have been persuaded to invest fifty dollars in a picture thereof, with occasional views of wholesale houses—paid for—and this is supposed to be sufficient to satisfy subscribers who have been gulled into paying large sums to become members of a mutual admiration society which will probably consist of a thousand subscribers. Jones pays fifty dollars to have a picture of his house inserted, Smith pays another fifty to have his photograph in its pages, Brown pays fifty to see a picture of his warehouse in print, and so on through a list that may reach a couple of hundred in number; and these people get ten books apiece, in which Smith and Brown and Jones can see the virtues of one another, and then throw it under the bed lest their inordinate vanity may be detected by a neighbor who has had self-respect enough to keep out of the scheme.

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This should be enough to disgust the newspaper and commercial public with the greediness of the *Mail*, with its desire to have everything there is, for there was never anything started with which the *Mail* has endeavored to compete in friendly rivalry. Its desire was always to kill its opponent. The *Mail* never esteemed that there was room for anything of a newspaper sort in the town but itself. It has been ceaseless in its slanders with regard to other papers, it has puffed its circulation until people have really believed some of the things it said. In its contest with the *Globe* the latter paper wisely refrained from mixing up with people who are so crooked and devious in their methods. The *Empire* having been pursued by the *Mail* people to an unbearable extent, challenged them to prove four of their assertions. The challenge was refused, the *Mail* adhering to but one of the defamatory things it said. Now the *Empire* has banked all its money on proving that that one is untrue. It matters very little to me what the result of the fracas may be. The *Mail* has shown itself a miserable, envious rival to not only the *Empire* but to everything else in the city. If it has a large circulation the gods only know how it got it, for it is so low in public estimation that nothing but cheapness would induce a reader who has not been beguiled by its pretences of Protestantism, its cloak of temperance and its slobbery fairness, into believing that it was independent.

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The Brazilians, it is pleasing to note, are discovering the real meaning of the reciprocity treaty negotiated by their provisional government, and are likely to refuse to ratify it. It may seem spiteful to say that their attitude is pleasing, but so many of the Yankee papers began to crow before they were out of the woods that it would be quite too funny to have them left. The treaty was not fair to Brazil. Newspapers, both Republican and Democratic, admitted that they thought they had it secured, one leading and slangy organ alleging that all the "reciprocity" was being done by Brazil. After the whole press having taken a little fling at their big neighbor in South America, and when Yankee smartness had congratulated itself until it was unspeakably happy, as the ladies say it would be "just too cunning" to have Brazil repudiate the whole thing. At any rate their jollity is very much dampened, but when most effusive it is but a trifle to the congratulations which would have been indulged in had Canada been the victim of their sharp practices. DON.

Lewis James Seargeant.

SATURDAY NIGHT presents this week a portrait of the recently appointed General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. L. J. Seargeant. He is a man who has had a large amount of experience in railway matters, having been connected with the business from his youth. He is of English birth, and first entered railway service on the South Wales Railway, which runs from Gloucester to Milford Haven. He served in various positions on that road, and as superintendent of the South Wales division of the Great Western Railway. He was afterwards general manager and secretary of the South Devon and chief executive officer of the Cornwall and West Cornwall roads, and also of the Great Western, Bristol, Exeter, South Devon and Cornwall Railways. He came to America in 1874, and from that time until his appointment to his present position he held the important offices of vice-president of the Chicago and Grand Trunk; also vice-president and director of companies affiliated to the Grand Trunk system, and traffic manager of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Such a business career as the above indicates, marked energy and great administrative ability and stamps Mr. Seargeant as a worthy successor of Sir Joseph Hickson in the responsible office of chief executive of the Grand Trunk Railway, to which he succeeded about the first of the present year.

Social and Personal.

A careful observer makes the following note of a custom resurrected, with a brief comment: Those who frequented the fashionable functions of the season cannot but have observed the gradual reintroduction of the old-time courtesy for drawing-room recognitions. Half the charming girls, when greeting their hostess, pause a few feet away, make a profound inclination of the head, swing their supple bodies a trifle backward, and with a low and stately dip, rise smilingly to grasp the outstretched hand. This revival of the last century form of obeisance seems rather confined to the buds, or very youthful and slender matrons. It is distinctly elegant, and when grace is combined with dignity nothing can be prettier than the courteous courtesy. Of course, stout and plethoric dames are excusable for clinging to conventional methods. A cordial clasp of the hand is quite convincing of one's pleasure in being an honored guest; and, besides all that, we have outgrown cast-iron rules, and have all sorts of individual privileges undreamed of by our grandmothers.

Mrs. James Crowther has issued cards for theatricals on April 3. A theater is being built in the large top flat, and the evening's entertainment promises to be most unique and most enjoyable. The play is The Coming Woman, and those taking part are: Mrs. Crowther, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Parsons, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Rutherford.

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There has been an entrancing air of mystery about a certain musical club, and the wise members even put their fingers on my lips when I asked for names. Now we shall know more about it, for it has been announced that the Wednesday Musical Club will give an At Home in the Public Hall of the Upper Canada College on Friday, April 3. There will be a programme by the members and then a reception and dance. Many tickets are being sold, and the At Home promises to be well attended. The returns will be devoted to the organ fund for the new Upper Canada College.

* * *

Did you ever attend an Easter lunch. Let me tell you of one I saw last year, and perhaps next week you may have one, or be bidden to one yourself. The invitations came on prettily painted Easter eggs and were merely—"Mrs. ——, Easter lunch, Easter Monday, at two o'clock." Full of curiosity came the maids and matrons, twelve in number, who were the recipients of those Easter eggs. We sat down thirteen to table and we are all still alive—though one should'nt be too sure we'll all be in the same condition by Monday next. Our gracious hostess is rather pronounced in her hatred of superstition, and besides, as she solemnly informed us—thirteen eggs is the proper number for a "setting"—and that settled it! The dinning-room was pretty—soft light fell through buttercup shades on a shining oaken table, spread with long strips of embroidered damask—instead of the orthodox table cloth. In the center was a wonderful floral decoration—exactly the shape of a huge egg cut in half from stem to stern. The yelk of the egg was a mass of gleaming jonquils, the white was of hyacinths and lilies of the valley. The salts were little halves of silver eggshells—and here and there in the table were little nests of candy straw filled with sugar eggs in every line. Beside every plate was a dainty posey of yellow and white. The first course was Chinese birds-nest soup—very sticky and very queer. (This isn't a cook-book, so I can't tell you just how it is made.) Then there were *entrees*, stowed away in dainty frilled moulds, with whipped egg snow on the top of them; curried eggs; an enormous poculain egg, with a lid that lifted up and disclosed tempted roasted fowls; potatoes moulded into eggs, in a nest of real straw; egg plant, fried in egg batter. This sounds very monotonous, but it didn't look or taste so. A salad to dream about, and blanc mange eggs and jelly eggs, and a dainty angel cake, which being cut disclosed a center as yellow as gold, and, "just for old times' sake" (whispered my hostess to me, laughingly recalling old weaknesses), we had egg flip, that true cup which "cheers but not inebriates." And after, cool, delicious ice-cream eggs and meringue eggs, and when we bade our pretty hostess and her lunch table good by, she gave to each of us a wonderful German bon-bon box, in shape like a

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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Boudoir Gossip.

"Time makes honored good uncouth."—Tennyson.

Of course it does. There are many actions and words which, though most exemplary and entirely proper in the long ago are now tabooed. Some of them are justly excluded from the manners and conversation of to day, but I am much afraid that we are growing too "nice" in our ways of methods. There are good old English words which express thought without vulgarity, but dear me! the over-sensitive miss or madam of to-day would die of blushing if she misadvertently used them, while she awakens the scornful laughter of those about by her ridiculous employment of inadequate or preverted words. She says—well I am not going to tell what she says. You all know, and you know that she is ridiculous to right-minded people. It is not the woman that is purest at heart who is thus over-nice in her choice of words. The very effort of over-reaching betokens thought of the matter. We would all be pure-hearted, yet let us not deck an unhealthy consciousness with the semblance of a modest mind.

•

Once upon a time the youths and maidens wrote their heart thoughts on paper with no misgivings. Then some faithless one found trouble awaiting him in the court house and his tender missives the important factor in a law-suit. Man's wickedness and ingenuity entered into league and some worthy brother invented fading ink. It was a most noteworthy discovery for a time, and the confident lover wrote with affectionate fervor—assured that all his erotic sentences would fade away. He kept on writing. She treasured the missives. One day she wanted them, and only their white ghosts were in the treasured pile. That was some time ago. Now she photographs them as they arrive, and flies away their portraits to bind her fickle love to his word. Another discovery for man's protection is much needed.

•

Two very bright-looking girls were talking in an aimless incoherent fashion of a dozen things at once. The place was a restaurant at mid-day, and as the conglomeration of words was becoming an amusing puzzle, one girl suddenly said, "I've lost my purse."

"Dear me! have you?" enquired the friend, and a search was at once instituted. In pockets, under the tables, and all around everywhere the two looked earnestly. At last the discovery was made. It was in Miss Flighty's muff.

"I can't find anything in that old muff anyway," she grumbled, "it's all rags."

"All rags?" echoed her companion. "Well, if it is—why don't you mend it?"

There was an ice-bergy silence for about four and a half seconds, and then Miss Flighty said: "Why, of course, I—I'm—I'm going to."

•

When I go to concerts in churches or halls, where several people sit on one long seat, I feel an almost murderous regard for the man who applauds so vehemently as to move the whole seat. I have watched an enthusiastic man shake a seat full of women till their heads wobbled about like overgrown poppies, and kept time to his erratic movements. He does not mean to. Oh, no! Bless your heart, he doesn't think—that's all. Sometimes his big hands, spread out to expose the largest possible area of clapping material, are almost explosive in their demonstrations of joy and approval. He's usually a whole-souled fellow, but I tell you—with all the candor of a woman—he's a nuisance.

•

Not long ago I stood at the corner of College street and Spadina avenue waiting for a car. Near me was a tiny girl and a boy of more limited anatomy. They were waiting a chance to cross the street and were carefully allowing all vehicles to get "good and far past, like ma said." While waiting, the small man, with all the bravado of his elder brothers, was telling of the dangers he had passed. "I most got caught with a big team the other day," he was saying, "but I wasn't frightened, an' I jest hustled across." The intonation of the slang word was funny. It meant in this case a wild rush for glory, careless of all happenings, but I'll guarantee that the youngster was frightened almost out of his pretty little gaitered shoes.

•

G. T. R.—You ask me for some innovation at afternoon tea. I think I cannot do better than give you the benefit of the following clipping from the *Illustrated American*: "The charming literary wife of a celebrated New York artist has introduced the prettiest sort of a new wrinkle in the serving of her afternoon tea. When first she handed round the steaming cups, each with a white, flower-like fragment floating on top, her guests were greatly interested over the innovation. Then she explained, and, while adding a slice of lemon and cube of sugar to the fragrant beverage, coached the women present as to how they might go and do likewise. It appears she bought crisp, coarse tarlatan, cut it up in squares of five by five inches, pinked the edges in sharp, deep scallops, and then, putting a small spoonful of Russian caravan tea in the center, tied the leaves into a tiny sack by means of a bit of heavy thread. By ruffling out the loose portions, she obtained a blossomy look for her new-fashioned tea-balls, and not only added immensely to the daintiness of her table and cups but made it possible for each guest to suit his or her particular taste. Some choose to let the tea-lily remain until strength is attained, while those liking a weaker drink soon remove the tarlatan bag.

•

Last week a poor, smoothly-shod horse was dragging a heavy load of stone along the slippery street. The ice was piled high along the car tracks, and the poor old horse slipped down on his knees in trying to get out of the ruts. Two woman were watching him, and they moaned out, "Oh, isn't that cruel, just see the poor beast." As I passed them, for they were dawdling along, I heard this loud-voiced remark: "Some one ought to tell her husband, for it's true." Now, did they know it was true, or were they slandering an innocent woman—scorching her fair fame with their heated tongues and boiling up misery for one who did not deserve it?

They may have been in the right; but there are far more lives ruined through unbridled utterances than through mistaken silence, and I long to know if a person possessing a really humane heart can slander a fellow being.

•

The Lenten maiden wants:
A new Easter bonnet.
A pair of pearl-gray gloves.
A fine, warm Easter Sunday.

•

If consciences were only tangible features that one could look at, what a deal we would know about all our neighbors. It seems to me that a good many consciences are warped, the standard which meets their approval fitting in from different heights, with wonderful suitability. With crookedness, blisters and scars most of them are sure to be rather uncreditable to their owners.

Lenten duties, quiet and thought, should have softened them a little, I think, and I trust that the glorious Easter will bring to all my readers a happier, better, more useful life than was the old one, which so many laid aside on Ash Wednesday. CLIP CAREW.

As We Want 'Em, You Know.

If we only had things as we want 'em, you know,
The world wouldn't go so confoundedly slow
For there's many a slip,
And there's many a slip,
And there's many a flip,
And a rip,
And a dip,
That makes up quite weary and bleary and blue,
Because we can't do as we'd all like to do.

If we had preachers who wouldn't grow proxy,
If we only had deacons who wouldn't get doxy,
If lawyers weren't fly,
If drinkers weren't dry,
If folks wouldn't die—
By and by
We'd all try
To see how unbiasingly good we could grow,
Because we'd have things as we want 'em, you know.

If only the world was build square, 'stead of round,
If only hard sense could be made of mere sound,
If we had lots of cash,
And similar trash,
If—without being rash—
We could mash
Like a flash
Any daughter of Eve when we cared to do so,
Then we'd sorter have things as we want 'em, you know.

But when we get down to a mere business base,
We find that we seem to have missed a fat place.
The outlook is murk,
And we sigh like a Turk,
As there's no chance to shirk,
Or to lurk,
While we work
For our grub by the sweat of our brow here below,
'Cause things isn't just as we want 'em, you know.

—*Yankee Blade.*

A Needed Reform.

Good Minister (during Sunday service)—My dear brethren. I have noticed that on rainy Sundays the congregation always rushes out pell-mell the instant the benediction is pronounced. This looks very unseemly, and I have instructed the sexton to stand in the vestibule on rainy Sundays hereafter and give checks for the umbrellas.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Proverbial Philosophy.

"When you go over to the City of Brotherly Love do you see Mr. and Mrs. Benson?"
"Yes; but there is little pleasure in it."
"Why, what is the matter with them?"
"The old story: Marry in New York and repent in Philadelphia."—*Evening Sun.*

A Sure Test.

"This cigar isn't the least artistic."
"How so?"
"Why, it doesn't draw."—*Judge.*

Not for Ears Polite.

She (waiting for him in the ante-room)—And did you ask papa?
He—I did.
She—And what did he say?
He—Weally, Amy, I'd—I'd wather not answer. I—I belong to the church, don't y' know.

She Was in Trouble.

She was a pretty girl and a pleasant thing to see on a rainy day. She got into a Broadway car at Twenty-sixth street going down town. Her tailor-made costume was natty. A soft hat just showed a curly bang, and a Tuxedo veil skirted the tip of her delicate nose. Slung from her arm she carried a leather-bound Boston bag and in one hand a silver-mounted English umbrella. The car was crowded, and the passengers moved up when a dapper gentleman yielded his place; so the girl squeezed into a narrow space and sat on the edge of the seat at that. Her get-up was gentlemanly, but her pocket was hard to find, just the same. In dragging out her purse she spilled her handkerchief. She and the gentleman opposite bent simultaneously to pick it up. Their heads came in contact and the girl's hat was punched in and pushed to one side. She thanked the gentleman for her handkerchief. The job her hat had got had loosened her veil. Reaching up to rearrange both, she burst the pin that held one cuff. This made her nervous and the veil wasn't fixed straight by any means, while the hat was pinned at a distinctly rakish angle, and so far back that the bang was pulled up out of sight. When she took her arms down the cuff fell over her knuckles. She couldn't manage the pin, which, being bent, was hurting her dainty wrist, so she bared one hand of its glove. She tried to straighten the pin and lost it. Then she pushed the cuff up and began to look severe. At this point her umbrella fell with a bang of the silver handle. Stooping for it she let her bag drag along the dirty floor, and that was muddied as well as the umbrella. She forgot that her handkerchief had been in the same place, and she wiped her mouth as a girl will when she is nervous. This gave her a smudge on her chin. Then she suddenly discovered that her street was at hand.

And, oh! what a sadly different girl it was who got out to do her shopping. One hand ungloved, the other cuff hanging loose, umbrella, bag and face muddy, a soft hat tipped on the back of her head and punched out of shape, a veil aslant across one cheek, and alas! and alas! no bang—no bang at all!—*N. Y. Sun.*

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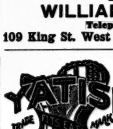

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CHAPTER XIV.

"A MAN CAN HAVE BUT ONE LIFE AND ONE DEATH."

Of all the men he knew, Justin Jermyn was the last whom Gerard would have deliberately chosen for a confidant and counsellor. He had an innate dread of the man, thought him false, tricky and uncanny, half a charlatan, and half a fiend; and yet he was drawn towards the man by such an irresistible magnetism, and was at this time so sorely in need of some friendly ear into which his troubles could pour its complainings, that after trying to shake off Jermyn by absolute incivility, he ended by walking as far as Barnes Common with him, where they sat on a furzy hillock in the sweltering August afternoon, and talked in a desultory fashion between their cigars.

So far they talked only of people who were indifferent to both. Jermyn had a scathing tongue about men and women—but, being a man, was naturally most malignant in his estimate of the weaker sex.

"I believe the generality of men hate all women except the one woman they adore," said Gerard meditatively. "There is a natural antagonism in the sexes as between dog and cat. Turn a little girl loose into a playground of small boys, and if it were not for fear of the schoolmaster, there would be no more of her after an hour's play than of Jezebel when the dogs ate her. Every boy's hand would be against her. They would begin by pulling her hair and tripping her up, and then the natural savage in them would go on to murder. Look at the way the Sepoys treated women in the Indian mutiny! That devilish cruelty was only the innate hatred of the sex which asserted itself at the first opportunity. And your talk about Mrs. Fousenelle and the pretty Miss Vincent is only the civilized development of the same natural malignity."

"Perhaps," agreed Jermyn. "But for my own part I am rather fond of women in the aggregate, as entomologists are fond of butterflies. I like them as specimens. I like to pin them down upon cork and study them, and make my guesses about their future, by the light of their antecedents.

"And you do not believe in the unassailable honor of good women!"

"Not in honor for honor's sake. There are women who elect to go through life with an unspotted reputation, for pride's sake, just as an Indian fanatic will hold his arms above his head until they wither and stiffen, for the sake of being looked up to by his fellowmen. But honor for honor's sake, honor in a hovel where there is no one to praise—honor in the court of a Louis the Great or a Charles the Little—that kind of honor, my dear Hillersdon, is beyond my belief. Remember, I am of the world, worldly. My intellect and my opinions are perhaps the natural product of a society in its decadence."

"And do you think that a good woman—a woman whose girlhood has been fed upon all pure and holy thoughts, whose chosen type of life set is the mother of Christ, do you think that such a woman can survive the loss of reputation, and yet be happy?"

"Assuredly, if she gets a fair equivalent—a devoted lover, or a life of luxury, with a provision for her old age. The thorn among the roses of vice is not the loss of reputation, but the apprehension of poverty. Anonyma, lolling on the silken cushions of her victoria, shivers at the thought that all the luxuries which surround her may be as short-lived as the flowers in the park borders, for a season, and no more. Believe me, my dear Hillersdon, we waste our pity upon these ladies who are for ever haunted by sad memories of an innocent girlhood, of their parish church, the school-house where they taught the village children on Sunday evenings, of broken-hearted parents, and sorrowing sisters. Ways and means are what these butterflies think about when their wheels of roses, climbing roses, strike the hour. The clever ones contrive to save a competence, or to marry wealth. The stupid ones have their day, and then drift into the gutter. But conscience—regrets—broken hearts! Dreams, my dear Hillersdon, idle dreams."

A chance hansom took them, as young men back to town, and on nearing Queen's Square Gerard invited his companion to dine with him. There was nothing new or striking in Justin Jermyn's discourse, but its cheap cynicism suited Gerard's humor. When a man is set upon evil nothing pleases him better than to be told that evil is the staple of life—that the wickedness which tempts him is common to humanity itself, and can not be wicked because it is incidental to human nature.

They dined *tete-a-tete* in the winter garden, where the summer air rustled among the palm leaves, and the atmosphere was full of the scent of roses, climbing roses, standards, bushes, which filled all the available space, and made the vast conservatory a garden of roses. The sliding windows in the bay dome were opened and showed a sky, starlit, profound and purple, as if this winter garden near Knightsbridge had been some palm grove in one of the South Sea isles. The dinner was perfection, the wines the choicest products of royal vineyards; and Hillersdon's guest did ample justice to both meat and drink, while Hillersdon himself ate very little, and drank only soda water.

"Perhaps which has favored you so highly in some respects has not given you a good appetite," said Jermyn, when he had gone steadily through the menu, and had even insisted upon a second supply of a certain *chaudfroid* of ortolans.

"There is such a terrible sameness in food and wine," answered Gerard. "I believe my *chef* is an artist who really deserves the eminence he enjoyed with former masters—but his productions weary me. Their variety is more in name than in substance. Yesterday quails, to-day ortolans, to-morrow grouse. And I live till next year the quails and ortolans and grouse will come round again. The earliest salmon will blush upon my table in January; February will come with her hands full of hothouse peaches and Algerian pears; March will offer me sour strawberries and immature lamb. The same, the same over and over again. The duckling of May—the green-goose, the turkey-poult, the chicken-turbot. I know them all. There is truer relish in a red herring which a working-man carries home to eat with his tea, than in all the resources of a French cook, when once we have run through his gamut of delicacies. I remember my first Greenwich dinner—rapture—the little room overlooking the river, the open windows and evening sunlight, the whitebait, the flounder-souchs, the sweetbreads, and iced moselle, food for the Olympian gods—but after many seasons of Greenwich dinners how weary and hackneyed is the feast."

"You have possessed your millions little more than a year, and already you have learnt how not to enjoy," said Jermyn. "I congratulate you upon your progress."

"Ah, you forget, I knew all these things before I had my fortune—knew them in the days when I was only an umbra, knew them in other people's houses. Money can buy hardly anything for me that has freshness or novelty, any more than it could for Solomon, and I am no Queen of Sheba to see in my splendor until there was no more spirit in her. Nobody envies a millionaire his wealth nowadays. Millionaires are too common. They live in every street in Mayfair. To be worth anybody's envy a man should have a billion."

"You begin to find fault with the mediocrity of your fortune?" said Jermyn, with his pleasant laugh at human folly. "A little more than a year ago you were going to destroy yourself because you were in pecuniary difficulties—persecuted by tailors and bootmakers. In another year you will be charging the same revolver to end an existence that leaves you nothing to live for. Solomon was not so foolish. Indeed I think that Jedediah king was simply the most magnificent sham that the history of the world offers to the contemplation of modern thinkers, a man who could philosophise so exquisitely upon the vanity of human life, and yet drain the cup of earthly pleasures—sensual, artistic, intellectual—to the very dregs! Vanity of vanities, says the preacher, and, behold! the slave market sends its choicest beauties to the king. Vanity of vanities, and, lo! his ships come into port laden with apes and ivory, with Tyrean purple and the gold of Ophir, for the king; and the building of the mighty temple yonder on holy hill affords a perpetual interest and an inexhaustible plaything for the man who calls the grasshopper a burden. I'll wager that in Jerusalem they called that gorgeous temple Solomon's Folly, and laughed among themselves as the great king's litter went up the hill, with veiled beauty sitting in the shadow of the purple curtains, and little slippered feet just peeping out among the jewel-spangled cushions. Solomon in all his glory! I think, Hillersdon, if I were as rich as you, the thing I should feel most keenly would be that my money can not buy me back one glimpse of the glory of the past—not half an hour with the guerilla leader David, among the wild hills, not one glimpse of Jerusalem when Solomon was king, not a night with Dido, or a dinner with Lucullus. We may imitate that gorgeous past, but we can never recall it. Billions would not buy it back for us. All the color and glory of life has faded from an earth that is vulgarized by cheap trippers. From Hums ow to the Holy Land they bears the same barm, common voices, German and Yankee accents drown the soft Tuscan of the Florentine in the Via Tornabuoni, tramloads of Cockneys rush up and down the hills of Algeria, camel loads of vulgarity from London and New York pervade the desert where Isaiah wandered alone beneath the stars. The hill where the worshippers of Baal waited for a sign from their god, the Valley of Jehosaphat, are as banal as Shooter's Hill or the Vale of Health. The spirit of romance has fled from our vulgarized planet, and not a miliad of golden sovereigns could tempt her back for an hour!"

"I should be content to let the past go, if I could be happy in the present. That is the difficulty."

"Oh, I am always happy. I have fancies, but no passionate longings. My only troubles are climatic. If I can follow the sunshine I am content."

"If you have finished your wine let us go to my den," said Gerard, who had allowed his companion's rodomontade to pass by him like the faint breath of evening wind among the palm leaves, while his own thoughts traveled in a circle very little of each other until the period of conventional grief was past, and I could decently make David Champion's widow my wife. So she is sketching snow peaks at Hilbren-wald—

"While you are over head and ears in love with Hester Davenport."

"It is more than love; it is possession. My world begins and ends with her. I tried to run away, tried to start for Switzerland, to marry betrothed to her mountain retreat, in defiance of her objection; but it proved little effort. I was at the station; my man and my portmanteau were on the platform; and at the last moment my resolution failed me. I could not place myself beyond the possibility of seeing the face I worship, of hearing the voice that thrills me."

"And you are content to go on seeing the lovely face and hearing the thrilling voice in the presence of a third person? Isn't that rather like being in love with a ward in Chancery and courting her in the presence of the family lawyer? Why don't you get rid of the old man?"

"That's not as easy as you suppose. You saw me sent away from her door to-day. She felt instinctive fear in her father's presence. I am not such a cad as to force myself upon her seclusion. I behaved badly enough in the first instance when I acted in direct opposition to her wish."

"To her alleged wish. Do you think a woman is ever quite candid in these cases, either to her lover or to herself? Look at Gretchen, Gretchen, for instance, somewhat snappish when Faust addresses her in the street, but a few hours after in the garden? What had become of the snappishness? She is ocean deep in love, ready to throw herself into the lover's arms. Conceive how you can have gone on with this idle trifling, like an energetic person in love with a boarding school miss. You with your millions, your short lease of life, your passionate desire to make the most of life's golden years. Strange to what hopeless fatuity love can reduce its victim. Get rid of the old father, make a clean sweep of him, and then at least the coast will be clear, and you need not confine your love-making to half-an-hour's crawl upon the embankment."

"Easier said than done. There's the difficulty. He has been reformed by her patient care, and it is the business of her life to make his declining years happy. Nothing would induce her to part with him."

"Perhaps not; but very little would induce him to part with her. Do you suppose that he is not tired of his present life? Do you know what reform means in the habitual drunkard? It means deprivation that makes existence a living death. It means a perpetual craving, as fierce as the craving which makes the parched traveler in the African desert, the perishing sailor after a week scorched upon a raft in mid-ocean, only it is the thirst for alcohol, for fire instead of water. To his daughter this poor wretch may pretend resignation, but you may be sure he is miserable, and will resume his darling vice at the first opportunity."

"And you would suggest that I should find the opportunity for him, and drive him out into the Jophet from which his daughter has plucked him. No, Jermyn, I am not so vile as that."

"I suggest nothing. Only if you want to win the daughter you must get the father out of the way; unless, indeed, you prefer to take the other line—throw over Mrs. Champion, and make a formal offer for Miss Davenport's hand. No doubt the old man would be very proud of you as a son-in-law, though you might have some occasion to be ashamed of him as a father-in-law when the opportunities of an establishment like this should lure him back to his old habits."

"I have told you that I cannot break with Edith."

"And you will marry her next year, while you are still passionately in love with another woman?"

"I dare not think of next year. I may not live till next year. I can think only of the present, and of the woman I love."

"You are wise. A year is a long time, measured by a passion like yours. You have offered Davenport and his daughter an income through your sister; you have acted with most admirable delicacy, and yet your offers have been rejected. Have you ever offered Davenport money directly—with the golden sovereigns or the crisp bank notes in your hand?"

"Never. I would not degrade him by any such offer. And I believe that he would reject any gift of that kind."

"A gift perhaps, but not a loan. A man of that kind will always take your money if you everything—his intrusion upon her life, albeit he knew her desire to avoid all intercourse with friends of the past—told of those quiet hours in the humble lodging, those unalarming gifts of flowers and books—told of those slow pacings to and fro by the river, with the old father always at her side—pouring out his soul to this man whom he doubted and feared as a girl tells her story of hopeless love to a trusted sister.

"We have never been alone together since that first night in Eton Square. I have never dared even to hold her hand in mine with a lingering clasp, and yet when our hands touch there is a fire that runs through my veins, till heart and brain are fused in that passionate fire, and I can scarce shape the words that bid her good-bye. Our talk has been only of the commonest things. I have never by look or word dared to express my love—and yet I think she knows I love her. I think that when my heart leaps at the sound of her voice or the touch of her hand, her heart is not silent. I have seen her lips tremble in the faint evening light when we have walked side by side under the trees. I have felt that there was eloquence in her silence, in her faltering replies. Yes, I know she loves me."

"What more do you want—knowing that! Are you going to leave her at her sewing machine when you can make her life one blissful holiday?"

"She is not a woman to be had for the asking. Would you advise me to fling every consideration except happiness to the winds, and marry her?"

"You cannot marry everybody," replied Jermyn, with a practical air, "and I take it you are irrevocably pledged to the lady in question, pointing to the stately form of the gold and lapis lazuli frame—a gem of jeweler's work—on the table.

"Yes, I am pledged to her."

"In any case the world expects you to marry her—and it will go rather hard with her—from a society point of view, if you don't. But perhaps you care very little what the world says about Mrs. Champion!"

"I care very much. I am bound to care for her reputation, and for her feelings. Till she, of her own free will, releases me, I am bound to her by every tie that can bind a man of honor."

"So!" excaimed Jermyn, "that means a good deal."

"It contains not one syllable to Edith Champion's discredit," answered Hillersdon, hotly. "She was a faithful wife to her husband, and I knew how to respect her position as his wife, although I had been her adoring lover. In the three years of her married life we were friends, and friends only. It may be that we both counted on the days when she would be free, and when the thread of the old story might be taken up again just where we dropped it."

"And now she is free, and you seem hardly to have taken up the thread."

"It is her fault," said Hillersdon, angrily. "Her fault. She is beautiful, generous, lovely in her love, and her heart; but she is bound and fettered by petty laws which brave women laugh at. She ran away from me just when my salvation lay in her society. I wanted to hold fast by my first love. I wanted to fill my life in her company, to lure back the old loves and graces that had fluttered away, to forget that there was another lovely or lovable woman upon this earth; but she told me that people would talk, and that it was better we should see very little of each other until the period of conventional grief was past, and I could decently make David Champion's widow my wife. So she is sketching snow peaks at Hilbren-wald."

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humor his pride by pretending to lend it to him. Or there are other ways. He is a good fellow, generous, or was so once. Let him write a book for you. A literary commission would be an excuse for giving him ample means for enjoying life winning in his own way, and then your moonlit walks upon the embankment would have the charm which such walks have when heart answers to heart."

"What a wildfire I should be if I were to take your advice and undo the work to which that heroic girl has devoted herself for the brightest years of her girlhood—those years which for the young lady in society mean a triumphant progress of dances and tennis tournaments, and pretty frocks and adulation—a pathway of flowers, which has been given all the brightness of her youth to this one holy aim, and you would have me undo her work!

"My dear fellow, the end is inevitable. I tell you that for the habitual drunkard there is no such thing as reformation. There is semblance of it, while the sinner is cut off from the possibility of sin; but backsliding comes with opportunity, and the reaction is so much the more violent because of that slow agony of deprivation through which the sinner has been purging. I no more believe in Mr. Davenport's reform than the Broad Church believes that Jonhsa stopped the sun."

The conversation drifted into other channels. They discussed that great problem of man's destiny which is always being argued in some form or other. They asked each other that universal riddle which is always being answered and is yet unanswerable. In this line of argument Justin Jermyn showed an impish facility for shifting his ground; and at the end of an hour's argument Hillersdon hardly knew whether he was full of vague aspirations and vague beliefs in purer and better worlds beyond this insignificant planet, or whether his creed was blank negation.

It was late when they parted, and after the man was gone Gerard Hillersdon sat for a long time face to face with the bronze Pan, the sly smile, the curious sidelong glance of the long narrow eyes seeming to carry on the argument, which the living lips had dropped, to strange and wicked conclusions.

"Work without limit," mused Gerard, "and so little power to enjoy—so brief a lease of life. Why, if I were sure of living to eighty or ninety I should still think it hard that the end must come—that it is inevitable—foreshadowed in the freshness of life's morning, stealing nearer and nearer with the ripening years of manhood, and culminating—forever when the last sun-rays light an open grave. Oh, that inevitable end—poison and bane of many life, but most hideous where wealth makes existence a kind of royalty. I shudder when I read the wills of triple or quadruple millionaires. The wealth remains—a long array of figures, astounding in their magnitude—and the man who owned it is lying in the dark, and knows the end of all things."

He went over to the wall against which he had affixed his talisman, drew aside the curtain, and then stepped quickly back to the table and dipped his pen in the ink. It was the same large broad-ribbed pen with which he had drawn the last line upon the night after his interview with Hester Davenport. He dashed his pen upon the paper in a fury, and drew an inner line with one hurried sweep of his wrist. If determination could have assured firmness that line would have been bold and strong as an outline by Michael Angelo; but the tracing was more wavering than the last, and might have been the effort of a man, who feebly did the line falter from point to point.

"Dr. South and Justin Jermyn are right," thought Gerard. "It is passionate feeling that sapps the life of man—drives all a hopeless passion—most of all a struggle between honor and inclination. I will see South to-morrow, and tell him how the shadows are deepening upon the dial—if—"

The sentence remained unfinished even in his mind. He spent a restless night, broken by brief slumbers and long dreams, vivid dreams in which he was haunted by the image of Nicholas Davenport, under every disguise and disfiguring aspect. In one dream he was in his father's church at evensong in the quiet summer evening. He heard the organ and heard the village choir in the closing phrases of his mother's favorite hymn, Abide With Me, and amidst the hush that followed the Amen he saw Nicholas Davenport lolling over the velvet cushion of the old-fashioned pulpit, gesticulating dumbly, mad with drink, but voiceless. There was no sound in the church after that tender closing phrase of the hymn. All Gerard felt was silence; but as he looked at that degraded figure leaning out of the pulpit the church changed to the pit of hell, and the village congregation became an assembly of devils, and in the steps of Satan's throne stood a figure like Goethe's Mephistopheles, and the face under the little red cap with the cock's feather was the face of Justin Jermyn.

There was nothing strange in the fact that he should so dream, for he had long ago in his own mind likened the fate-reader to Goethe's fiend.

Gerard Hillersdon drove to Harley street before ten o'clock next morning, and was lucky in catching Dr. South, who was in London, *en passant*, having finished his own cure and advised his gouty patients at Homburg, and being on the point of starting for a holiday at Carlsbad.

There were no patients in the waiting-room, as the doctor was supposed to be out of town, and on sending in his card Hillersdon was at once admitted to the consulting-room.

Dr. Smith looked up from his pile of newly opened letters with a pleasant smile.

"My little patient of the Devonshire rectory," he said, cheerily; and then, with a keen look and a changed tone, he said, "But how is this, Mr. Hillersdon, you are not looking so well as when you were here last. I'm afraid you have been disregarding my advice!"

"Perhaps I have," Gerard answered, gloomily. "You told me that in order to spin out the thin thread of my life I must venture only to exist. I must teach myself to become a human vegetable, without passions or emotions, thought or desire."

"I did not forbid thought or pleasant emotions," said Dr. South; "I only urged you to avoid those storms and passions which strain the cordage of the human vessel, and sometimes wreck her."

"You urged that which is impossible. To live is to feel and to suffer. I have not been able to obey you. I am passionately in love with a woman whom I cannot marry."

"Is it the lady that the lady is married already!"

"No; but there are other reasons—"

"If it is a question of social inequality, waive it, and marry. You cannot afford to be unhappy. The disappointment which another man would get over in a year, might in your case have a fatal effect. You are not of the temper which can live down trouble."

"Tell me, frankly and ruthlessly, how long I have to live."

"Take off your coat and waistcoat," said the doctor, quietly, and then, as his patient obeyed, he added, "I should be an impudent empiric if I pretended to measure the sands in the glass of life, but I can, if you like, tell you if your chances now are any worse than they were when you were with me last. I remember your case perfectly, and even what I said to you at that time. I was especially interested in you as one of my little patients who had faith enough to come back to me in manhood. Now let me see," and the thoughtful head was bent to listen to that terrible tell-tale machinery we all carry about with us, ticking off the hours that remain to each of us in this poor sum of life. The downward-bent brow was unseen by the patient, or he might have read his doom in the physician's countenance. When Dr. South looked up his features wore only the studied gravity of the professional aspect.

"Well," questioned Hillersdon, when the auscultation was finished, "am I much worse that when I was here last?"

"You are not any better."

"Speak out, for God's sake," cried Gerard, roughly. "I—I beg your pardon, doctor, but I want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—no making the best of a bad case. What is the outlook?"

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"Bad."

"Shall I live a year—two—three years? How much do you give me?"

"With care—extreme care—you may live some years yet. Nay, I do not say that you might not last ten years, but if you are reckless the end may come in a year. Worry, agitation, fretting of any kind may hasten your doom. I am sorry to be obliged to tell you this."

"I thank you for having told me the truth. It settles one question at least. I shall try to be happy my own way."

"Marry the woman you love, even if she is a housemaid," said the doctor, kindly, "and let her make your life happy in some quiet retreat, far from the excitements and agitations of the world of fashion or politics. You will go to the south, of course, before the winter. I should recommend Sorrento or Corsica. Your wealth will surround you with all the luxuries that make life easy wherever a man has to live."

(To be Continued.)

The Day.

All self-respecting women have a day, a tea-table, and a tea-dress—a long, trailing, flowing garment with a girdle and wide sleeves. There is no diminution in the popularity of the Day—if possible, it is growing more of a national custom and less of a passing fashion. It has taken its place among the serious considerations of the twenty-four hours, and women talk of "establishing their day" as they talk of establishing their daughters.

Men, too, have recognized its importance. Thomas, Richard, and Henry call on the day and so does the best man—the only difference being that he calls on other days, and Thomas, Richard, and Henry do not. They follow a strict regimen. Looking as lovely as a June rose, in his four-button cutaway, his tall hat, his yellow gloves, and his red-pink boutonniere, Thomas pulls the bell at a few moments before six. Thomas, who would as soon lay him down and die as be out of the fashion, always manages to arrive at a few moments before six. If it is only two or three, that is sufficient. But if, by some unfortunate accident, he has been detained and on looking at his watch finds that it is a few moments after six, he swears a deep and deadly swear under his mustache, and turns down a side street and goes home. It would mortify his proud spirit to be ushered into the parlor when Miss had gone upstairs to dress for dinner, which Miss always does upon the strike of six.

By three in the afternoon, Miss is ready to receive visitors, and goes about her drawing-room arranging some flowers in long-necked jars, and talking to her old cousin, who, being a cousin, is allowed to address her by her Christian name and come and pay calls which last all afternoon. Miss is one of the prettiest and most stylish girls in town, as evidence of which she wears her heavy hair parted severely on her forehead and drawn back into a knot behind, stuck through with strange, barbaric-looking pins. She wears a straight, slim dress of gray, with a bunch of shaded violets in the front, and the dress fits her in a way which suggests that she knows how serious a matter it is to be the possessor of a handsome figure.

She is just cogitating on the proper place to put a milky Venetian-glass bottle, holding one American beauty-rose, when her dear friend—the dashing Birdie Tompkins—appears. Birdie, blooming from the fresh air without, looks too lovely for anything. Her cheeks are like the American beauty-rose; her waist is as small as her eyes are big; furs are muffled up round her neck, and when she draws her hand from her muff, the cousin notices that she wears tiny, red dog-skin gloves, like a man's, clasped at the wrist with two patent buttons. The young ladies do not kiss—they shake hands in a manly way and then sit round the tea-table.

This is a beautiful, glittering mystery to uninitiated eyes. It is covered with all sorts of dazzling gimcracks. In the first place, it is so low that the hostess has to sit on a stool to bring herself down to its level, and, in the second place, the food upon it would not sustain a canary. When the hickory logs burning on the brass andirons send out tongues of flame, they strike a smooth glimmer from thin china and glossy copper, from rims of brass and long, narrow-necked glasses, with a few lilies or daffodils stuck in them. A little spiral of steam rises from the spout of a kettle, and the plump, white hands of the hostess move noiselessly about among the egg-shell cups, the small, fluted dishes, with little curled-up, crushed-almond cakes on them, and the dark orange colored bowl full of sliced lemons. Under all there is a suggestion of some white stuff, hanging over round the edges, and worked in glossy, silky embroideries. When the hostess spills cream upon this, her cousin observes that she makes a wry face.

She is just asking how much sugar he takes, her classic head invitingly tilted to one side, when the portiere lifts to admit another bosom friend, who comes in with a sweeping tread, bringing a breath of violets and a little stir of frost-edged air from the avenue without. They are all very dear friends, shake hands, and pull up chairs.

The new-comer draws off her loose, yellow gloves and spreads her little hands to the light of the fire. In appearance she presents to the cousin's eyes one of those mysteries with which metropolitan women are always surprising metropolitan men. It is a distinctly raw day, sharp with frost and chill airs from the bay. Yet this fragile damsel wears no coat, and still appears perfectly warm. Her only protection against the insidious cold of spring is a tiny muff, which she drops on the floor beside her. Her tight dress, touched into brightness here and there with some brownish fur, fits her slender, almost childish figure with rigorous smoothness; her thin little hands, emerging from big sleeves, are ridiculously small. She looks as if a breath would blow her away, but her eyes dance with vivacity and her cheeks are pink as the lining of a shell.

She is quite a piquant little person, it appears. Sitting on her low chair, her feet in a pair of pointed, masculine-looking boots extended toward the fire, a cake in one hand, a tea-cup in the other, she regales the company with numerous tales of a highly entertaining, though slightly sensational, nature. The cousin feels that his presence has a suppressing effect upon her muse, and wonders how these social chronicles would develop if he were not there.

"Don't look so pale and gloomy," she says, meeting his eye, dark with this depressing thought; "there's nothing coming that you ought not to hear."

"Thanks for putting an end to the suspense," he answers; "I was beginning to get nervous."

The hostess blushes faintly, and murmurs, in a shocked tone:

"Did you ever hear anything like those two?"

But Miss Tompkins, putting up her veil and ladling a spoonful of whipped cream into her tea, says, with practical unconcern:

"Get on with the story. I want to hear what happened."

The story is just completed, when the portiere is again raised, and the lady who has been figuring as the heroine of the tale stands in the aperture. Her detractors rise to a woman and greet her effusively. The cousin looks on, and, as he bows in response to the introduction, muses on the painful duplicity of the average female. The teller of the story pushes her chair to one side, and, folding her hands over her muff, says, sweetly:

"It's so nice to have you drop in on us. We've been having such a jolly gossip."

The new-comer appears a mateh for the party. She is several years older than they, of a set probably four seasons in advance of theirs. She has the assured ease of an established belle and the settled grace of movement of one who knows that she cannot be ungraceful. She is faded, thin, and rather weary-looking, splendidly dressed in furs and rich materials that make no rustle when she stirs, aristocratic from the tip of her little flat bonnet, with a spray of flowers nodding on it, to the end of her narrow pointed shoe, quiet and gentle in her manner, and with a low, soft voice that is almost a coo. All the life in her face is concentrated in her rather pale but deep-gray eyes, which, it is said, have done deadly execution. The cousin notices that she keeps these down, as if she did not care to throw away their glances on young women and antiquated, afternoon-tea men. He thinks he would like to know her, but she addresses him with a sweet and chilly politeness, as if he were the young ladies' grandmamas, which rather hurts his self-esteem.

To the girls she is amiable and the least little bit condescending. They all look up to her as to a remarkble being, a glittering apotheosis of just such creatures as they. They seem to be only entertaining her and laughing with her, but the cousin thinks that the artful damsels are studying her every point for reproduction later on. That he was right in this supposition is proved by the fact that no sooner has she gone than a little storm of commendation and criticism of her, breaks out. Miss Tompkins ends this—stretching her hand for her fifth cake, for Miss Tompkins has a noble appetite and a grand appreciation of the good things of life—by remarking, in magnanimous conclusion:

"Well, when it comes to style, she takes the biscuit."

At five, the men begin to drop in. Quite a lot of fellows—some to settle down comfortably beside one of the girls, with whom it is evident they have made an appointment to meet here on this particular afternoon. A few sip tea with effeminate daintiness, and across the wavering firelight exchange the light gossip of the afternoon. It would surprise an uninitiated outsider to notice how readily these good-looking fellows can adapt themselves to the feminine tone of the conversation. They take to it as a duck to water. They criticize the style of Miss Jones' dress at the last assembly as acutely as their own sister might. They know just how much Jack and Jennie are going to start up housekeeping upon, and the exact wages they are to pay the green girl from Castle Garden. They are up in the latest wrinkle in hair-dressing, and they criticize Birdie's coiffure of last night at Mrs. Parvenu's dinner. They do not think the new beauty, who was the rage at Homburg last spring, at all good form. Never were there such preternaturally keen young men.

The girls quarrel and argue and crack jokes with them till close upon six. As the dusk falls, a trim maid brings in a candelabrum full of yellow candles under yellow shades, which brightens the mellow twilight of the pretty room. Then the "afternoon" breaks up. Miss Tompkins, huddling up her furs round her neck and volubly alarmed at the lateness of the hour, goes chattering out with two men. The other girls follow with gay good-nights. The men scatter, too, struggling into their overcoats in the hall. The old cousin, even, has to tear himself reluctantly away, for it is the magic stroke of six. They leave the best man behind to exchange a few lingering good-byes with the hostess, whom the cousin sees, between the gaping portieres, standing by the girl, her foot on the andiron, her elbow on the mantel, and one white hand resting lightly on her hip.—*Argonaut.*

The music loving people of Toronto will be glad to learn that the Perfect Transposing Pianos, now in general use in Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, are about to be manufactured in Toronto, one of which is now on exhibition at Nos. 108 and 110 King street west, and which everybody is invited to call and test. This piano is used by royalty and has the highest references from nearly every prominent vocalist and pianist in England and Europe.

Theodore Distin, Esq., professor of music and singing, writes: "I can hardly express how very much pleased I am with your new Patent Transposing Pianoforte. I think it is the best method of any I have ever seen, as the mechanism being entirely untouched or interfered with, it cannot possibly get out of order or be put out of tune. In other transposing instruments it is the key-board that is moved, which constantly causes the hammers and other parts to get out of order, and the instrument soon becomes useless, whereas in this the whole of the strings and soundboard are moved by a simple lever. I consider it the acme of perfection. It ought to come into general use."

George Grossmith, Esq., writes: "I think the piano most successful. It is the first time I have ever been able to play fluently in a key of seven sharps."

Descriptive circular sent free on application to A. H. Dixon, 108 King street west, Toronto.

Take the Picturesque Erie Railway to New York.

Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

In Clover.

She—So you are engaged to one of the Musgrave twins? How can you distinguish one from the other?

He—I don't try to.—*Life.*

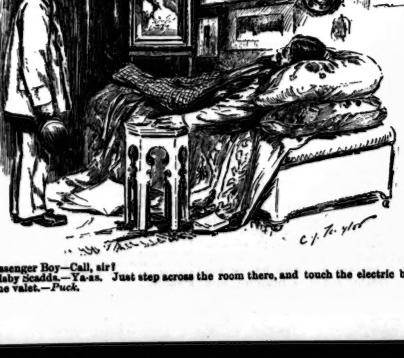
Misses E. & H. Johnston, modes, King street. Stock-taking sale. Remnants and cut pieces of silks, velvets, laces and novelty trimmings greatly reduced. Patterns free on receipt of postal card.

A Father's Confession.

Lover—Don't withhold your consent on account of my income, sir. I can support your daughter on twenty-five dollars a week.

Pater—Then you are a jim dandy. I never could.—*Terre Haute Express.*

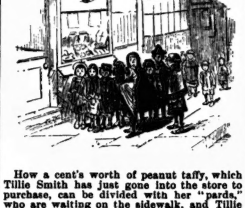
A Luxurious Fellow.



Messenger Boy—Call, sir!

Cadaby Scadda.—Ya-as. Just step across the room there, and touch the electric button. I want me valet.—*Puck.*

A Problem.



How a cent's worth of peanut taffy, which Tillie Smith has just gone into the store to purchase, can be divided with her "pards," who are waiting on the sidewalk, and Tillie have enough left with no cause for regret.—*Life.*

Kincaid street, Brockville, Ont., Jan. 11, 1889: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without it." MRS. J. RINGLAND.

A Nightmare.

Cholly Bullseye—Did you ever dream of me, Miss Ball?

Miss Minnie Ball—Yes; two nights running; and the third——

Cholly Bullseye—So delighted! And the third?

Miss Minnie Ball—I took an opiate!—*Puck.*

Skyhigh.

Man in the Background—I wonder why Daubbins trots that tall girl around to all the exhibitions?

Girl in the Background—I guess he likes to bring some one who can see his pictures without getting on a step-ladder.—*Puck.*

Real Estate Wanted.

"Steward!" cried the miserable passenger, "Yes, sir. Anything I can bring you, sir?"

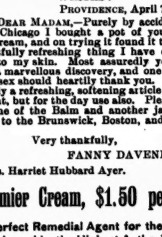
"Nothing, steward, but an acre of real estate—anywhere—hang the neighborhood, as long as it is good solid ground."—*New York Sun.*

A Case of Real Distress.

Tommy—Ma, you must get me a new pair of shoes; I've got a hole in one of my shoes.

Mother—Is it a big hole?

Tommy—Well, I lost my stocking through it this morning going to school.



Fanny Davenport.

WRITES:

PROVIDENCE, April 7, 1889.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Purely by accident one day in Chicago I bought a pot of your Recamier Cream, and on trying it found it the most delightfully refreshing thing I have ever applied to my skin. Most assuredly you have made a marvellous discovery, and one and all of our sex should heartily thank you. I find it not only a refreshing, softening article for skin at night, but for the day use also. Please send me some of the Balm and another jar of the Cream to the Brunswick, Boston, and believe me,

Very thankfully,

FANNY DAVENPORT.

To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

Recamier Cream, $1.50 per Jar

A Perfect Remedial Agent for the Skin. Endorsed by the Highest Authorities.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.

O WOMAN! IF YOU ONLY KNEW

The absolute feeling of luxury and comfort wearing Health Brand Undervests meant, you would never dream of buying anything else. Every first-class retail Dry Goods Store in Canada has them for sale. Remember unless stamped "Health" you will not be getting the right thing.

W. A. MURRAY & CO., Toronto

Anything for a Change.

"Don't you think it is time for Miranda to learn to play on some musical instrument, Edward?" asked Mrs. Sharp of her husband as the notes of their daughter's voice floated in from an adjoining room.

"Yes," replied Edward, with conviction, "I do; but it should be some loud instrument, to drown her voice."—*Louisville Journal.*

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Bouquet Tea 50c. per lb., 5 lbs. for $2.25

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HICKMAN & CO.
1424 Queen Street West.

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OF

New Stores at 206 & 208 Yonge St., West Side

D. GRANT & CO.

Will open their new premises on Wednesday, March 25, with a magnificent new stock of

MANTLES, DRESS GOODS AND SILKS

With all the latest novelties. Also opening of Millinery Show Room. Ten per cent. discount on all Trimmed Millinery and Mantles

Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday

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Is now commencing, and the greatest necessity and convenience to intending tourists is a trunk that can be taken into the cabin of the steamship and also strong enough to be used on the railways.

We have this season made a special trunk that is the correct size to go under the berth on shipboard, and is of sufficient strength to withstand the usage received on railway journeys.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

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A Word to the Wise.

Every winter and spring Inflammation of the Lungs, induced by neglected Colds and Coughs, causes the death of thousands who might have been saved by the timely use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. ✱✱I was afflicted with a severe Cough, which deprived me of my regular sleep. After trying various remedies, without benefit, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and used it according to directions. I am happy to say that this medicine cured me.—Robert Holliway, Linn, Mo.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for several years, in cases of severe Colds and Throat affections, and have always found it a speedy and effectual remedy for these ailments.—Samuel Bement, Principal Bartlett School, Lowell, Mass.

I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have used it in my family many years, and always with perfect satisfaction. It never fails.—Mrs. H. F. McKeen, New Gretna, N. J.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice since 1853, and have always found it reliable for the cure of Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases. —S. Haynes, M. D., Saranac, N. Y.

I am never without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures severe cases of Colds and Coughs more speedily than any other remedy known.—E. Allen, Kingston, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I know of for diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It cured me of incipient Consumption, forty years ago.—S. R. Lawrence, Schuylerville, N. Y.

About three years ago, as the result of a bad Cold, I had a Cough, for which I could obtain no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle of this medicine effected a complete cure. —John Tooley, Ironton, Mich.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and received great benefit from it. I consider it an excellent medicine for the diseases it is designed to cure.—Rufus A. Tremain, Guysborough, N. H.

One bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. It cured me of acute Bronchitis when other remedies failed.—George B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

Last week and this have proved to be a sort of operatic festival, between Agnes Huntington, De Wolf Hopper, and the Poor Jonathan combination. From Huntington to Hopper was quite a change. The presentation of Paul Jones given us by the former was a delightful glimpse of comic opera in its purity, if I may use the phase. There was no horseplay, no extravagance in the comedy, and the music was good if not brilliant. The De Wolf Hopper combination was called an opera bouffe company, and the play bill stated that The Lady or the Tiger was a "classic comic operetta." I don't see why they should call the company an opera bouffe one, nor do I see why The Lady or the Tiger should be entitled a classic comic operetta, rather an ambitious designation. However, as this was probably only a flight of fancy for advertising purposes, and not intended as a pedagogic definition, we will not quarrel about it, and will consider the work itself as a species of amusement.

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The operetta or extravaganza, call it what you will, was very funny, but it is of that kind of fun which if planed upon canvas would savor more of the palette-knife than of the brush. In this it may be considered as a truly American production, its lines boldly drawn, and its contrasts strongly colored. The American public likes to have its amusements highly flavored and in this case the dish is to its taste. The clever story of Frank Stockton is equally cleverly handled by Sidney Rosenfeld, who has produced a libretto with much fun in it. The fun is confined to Mr. Hopper and Miss Della Fox. The serious or heroic part of the book is not very strong, nor yet very weak. The music by Mr. Adolf Nowak is fairly tuneful, with considerable strength in the chorus writing. The orchestration was, I take it, entrusted principally to the absent instruments for the piano was always *en evidence*. The chorus was large and of various degrees of comeliness, the lesser preponderating over the greater. The scenery was—well—as the scene is laid in Sparta, two of the sets were of truly Spartan simplicity. The last setting, that of the arena, was excellent, and afforded a very effective stage picture.

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De Wolf Hopper was the life of the opera. He was always about, fussy and troubled, but was very funny in a large, broadly accented way. His postures, his expressions of rage, doubt, annoyance, and indeed of all the lower emotions, were very laughable. His immense height and giant strides, which in most actors would militate against success on the stage, were cleverly made to serve as no mean part of his stock in trade. The great voice, too, helped to emphasize the exaggeration of the character Pausanias, Regent of Sparta. Miss Fox was charming as the tell-tale Hilaria, and her *naïve* "Truth compels me to state," brought down the house every time it was uttered. Her dancing and skipping about were both graceful and laughter-suggesting. Albrecht Duver in his picture of St. Peter denying the Saviour, has painted a Roman soldier smoking a pipe, and with similar anachronistic license Hilaria, who is supposed to have flourished several hundred years B. C. sings an ode illustrative of the glories of freedom in general and of the United States in particular, in which she shows a small edition of the Stars and Stripes. This provoked a burst of applause from the gallery, which was quickly resented by others with a storm of hisses. At present, when the feeling as to the popularity of the Star and Stripes is in such a state of unrest, the introduction of the national symbol of our neighbors should be avoided by managers. No one can object to the flag of a friendly nation being honored in an opera house, but when the suspicion of a leaning towards too great friendliness becomes evident in the applause, loyal hearts will protest emphatically against it, and some day there will be more trouble than the proprietors of open houses will enjoy. The Irene of Miss Anna O'Keefe was very good. This lady sings well and is a good actress.

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A great many people had been led by the bills, which portrayed the conventional Brother Jonathan, to suppose that something very Yankee would be seen in Poor Jonathan; but when the opera came there was nothing Yankee about it but the name. Millolocker has written very pretty music for Poor Jonathan, with a haunting waltz song running all through it, and it is a very successful production. There is a fine chorus and, the gods be praised, an enlarged orchestra. The chorus sings very well, and is the first professional opera chorus that I have seen who looked well in evening dress, and not like a lot of bandits and their sweethearts. In their singing, these ladies and gentlemen lack precision, but that is the fault of the musical director. Their good tone and intonation, however, make one overlook this fault. The setting is good, especially that of the last act, the heights of West Point, the locality being introduced to permit a march by young lady cadets. This march, by the way, is not as good as many others we have seen here.

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Mr. Fred Solomon was very rich and funny as Poor Jonathan, but hardly found scope for his peculiar talents. On Monday evening, when I saw the opera, everyone was disappointed at not seeing Mr. J. H. Ryley, who was laid up with a cold, a disaster which I hope was remedied during the week. His understudy, Mr. Max Lube, did very well, his foreign accent tending to heighten the illusion of representing an impressario, most of these gentlemen being foreigners, to whom such an accent is no stranger. The men among the singers did not distinguish themselves very much, Mr. Henry Hallam, who played Rubygold, having a fair tenor voice, but with a tendency to flatten his pitch. Miss Camille Darville, on the other hand, is a most delightful singer. She has a beautifully clear voice, flexible and true, and to my mind has not been surpassed on the comic opera stage in Toronto. Miss Louise Eissing, also, was very satisfactory and showed herself to be a clever soubrette actress and an excellent student. The young lady students in academicals who in the opera were visible both in New York and at Monte Carlo, must have left the former city in a hurry as they wore their academicals with equal grace in the great Mediterranean resort. Taken altogether Poor Jonathan is well mounted and affords a fine evening's diversion.

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The Hall of the College of Music was well filled on Thursday evening of last week, when the successful candidates for the degree of Associate of the College of Organists (Canada) gave a recital, and acquitted themselves most creditably. The were Miss Florence Clarke, Mr. W. J. McNally, Mr. A. G. Alexander, Mr. J. A. Thomas and Mr. T. A. Blakeley. Vocal solos were rendered by Miss Florence Benson, Miss Ella Paterson, and Mr. Douglas Bird, pupils of Mr. F. H. Torrington.

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The Santley concerts of the Philharmonic Society are nearly upon us. Monday and Tuesday week will see the great baritone among us. The support will be Mrs. Anna Mooney Busch, Frau Dunbar-Moorewitz, Mr. Douglass Bird, and the Mozart Quartette, as well as other well-known talent.

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The Toronto Vocal Society will make especial efforts to keep up the high standard of its concerts at its next public appearance. Miss Clementine DeVere, one of the most delightful singers on the concert stage who was here with Campanini and Gilmore, will be the soprano, and the violinist, Franz Wilczek, has also been engaged. Mr. Wilczek is a pupil of Joachim, who has made a great success since his arrival in America.

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I have seen in the Brantford *Expositor* a notice of the Easter concert given by the Young Ladies' College of that city in which high praise is given to the excellent work done by the pupils of Miss Marie C. Strong, who is the vocal teacher there.

•

The Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Nora Hillary, give their concert for the Sick Children's Hospital furnishing fund, on May 7. Mrs. Caldwell will sing, and they have secured the valuable services of Mrs. Moore (London) as pianist. METRONOME.

The Drama.

One of the recent successes of American drama has been produced at the Grand Opera House this week. Bronson Howard's play, Shenandoah, though coming under the category headed "war-plays" is not, as many of these plays are,—all war and no drama. The civil war is used as a background on which to place a story of great dramatic strength in which alternate the scenes of passion, heroism and comedy of which all drama is composed. The plot, which the daily journals have made familiar to all interested in theatricals, is founded on those vicissitudes of fortune and life which resulted from the dreadful storm that first thundered on Fort Sumter and the loves and domestic affairs of the several principal characters are clearly and cunningly interwoven with several great events of the rebellion.

•

In the construction of this play there is a tendency to the distribution of the action in some parts which is rather apt to weaken its structure as a whole. Some lengthy dialogue and exquisite by-play intervene where one expects the action to move forward rapidly and decisively. The plot is somewhat complicated in its evolution, but viewed as a stirring panorama Shenandoah is exceedingly interesting. Bronson Howard is a writer of much excellence in comedy, and some of the comic situations with which this play is sprinkled are the brightest and best parts of it.

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The cast of players which presented Shenandoah here this week, while not of the first excellence, gave a pleasing and harmonious performance. Misses Eleanor Tyndale and Netta Guion are bright and sympathetic players and are ably assisted by Anna Robinson and Nanette Comstock. Mr. Frank Burbeck acted the part of Gen. Haverill with dignity. Mr. Carlyle gave a very fair performance as Colonel West and Messrs. Lohman, Mackay, Adelman and Holland were very satisfactory.

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Another of the illustrious figures in the history of the American stage was removed last Friday by the death of Lawrence Barrett. The New York *Evening Sun* says of him: "The late Lawrence Barrett was a character whose full story, if written, would puzzle many of other professions than his own to read. He was self-made in a sense that can disregard material success, yet in which that same success adds something. He was an actor in grain; his art entered into and informed his being. He was a man without vices, agreeably human in his foibles, and a shining example of energy, tenacity of purpose and high aims.

THE LATE LAWRENCE BARRETT.

In the earlier days of his career he was pleased to describe himself on the play bills, at least in Shakespearian parts, as Lawrence Barrett, Student. The affectation was not altogether one. Barrett worked hard at the meaning of his Shakespearian characters during many of the years that he played them. He was not a natural actor—that is, a born one. All that he did achieve was got at by intellectual work. He was deficient in natural sympathy for many of his parts. He worked himself into them by deliberate and conscious labor.

His careful study rarely failed to surprise the spectator into a recognition of some fulness of meaning theretofore unperceived in familiar lines. So, while falling short at nearly every point of the greatness of his art, few players of his time have been more satisfying in performance, or done more to confer dignity and purpose on his art, or to gain for it the respect of the persons whose respect is worth having.

He was enthusiastic for his art, withal; well read in its history, with a strong feeling for its continuity and a confidence in its future. He was ambitious to identify himself with it in this sense, so that his personality should be a necessary part of its history in America. Perhaps it will do to say that the bedrock on which his character was reared was laboriousness."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The *Theatre* says Harrigan's theatre, New York is now "the most American thing in America."

Sol Smith Russell once swallowed a bottle of varnish on the stage in a drinking scene, and since then he smells the property wine before he drinks.

Blind Tom, the famous pianist, is slowly dying of consumption in a pauper insane asylum. He earned something like $500,000 by his concerts.

The *Porcupine* says that Nym Crinkle has become so fanatical on the subject of German opera that last week he refused to ride in a Wagner vestibule car.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* says: A star, in theatrical parlance, is the player whose name is put on the programme in big type, so that the audience won't make a mistake and applaud some low-salaried party in a small *role*.

Emma Juch, who opened the new Opera House at Vancouver, B.C., speaks enthusiastically of the theater. In a letter to the proprietor she says it is one of the most comfortable and generously constructed edifices—especially adapted to music—that she ever saw.

At the box office of the London Pavilion Music Hall recently was posted a telegram reading: "Cold dreadful. Doctor says I can't appear to night. Bellwood." This was Bessie Bellwood's way of imitating Madame Patti. She is as much of a tyrant in her world as La Diva is in hers. It has been promised several times that America should see this rough-and-ready young "serio-comic" singer, who not only is famous as a pugilist, but whose charms have brought to her feet one of the gay young dukes of England. Bellwood is a remarkable type of the vulgar woman. Her devil-may-care manner is almost terrible, and yet it is fascinating at the same time. She is rather pretty, full of vivacity, and does not hesitate to say anything that comes into her wicked little head when she is called upon. She will emphasize a double meaning if an audience laughs at it by crying out, "Aoh, naoh! I wasn't thinking of what you were. Aoh, deah, naoh!" Bellwood is addicted to colds, and a notice of her non-appearance is frequent at the houses where she is engaged. In spite of this she continues the highest-priced performer in the variety profession, and on the occasions that she does appear she is sure to be the most startling feature of the bill. Since thrashing her last cab driver, the Jehus of the town are said to whip up their steeds and fly in an opposite direction whenever she beckons them.

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The other night a knot of theatrical people were discussing Sarah Bernhardt, says the *Mirror*. Henry Guy Carleton, who was present, said: "In my estimation, Sarah Bernhardt is the greatest living actress. To a greater degree than any other woman I can recall, she possesses that gift commonly spoken of as genius. Each one of her characterizations is a wonderful combination of genius and study. Madame Bernhardt is an artist in the highest sense of the word. She reveals the fact in her every gesture. She has the whole gamut of stage effects at her fingers' ends. She knows—better than any stage manager could suggest—exactly how much pathos is wanted here, how much comedy there. She has the artistic instinct. Every intonation of her voice is an interesting study itself. Her characterizations are not merely *roles* assumed; they are the characters themselves. Sarah when playing Tosca, Fedora, Camille becomes, for the time being, those women. She feels all their passions and moods; she imparts the perfect illusion to her audiences and thus holds them spell-bound beneath her fascination. All other actresses living are as pigmies beside her. Bernhardt is so great an actress that she never plays the same two consecutive nights, yet neither performance will be less admirable than the other. Given the part is Camille and that she has had something to disturb her during the day, her Camille that night will show it. She feels ill-tempered; Camille will be ill-tempered, too. And Sara Bernhardt is a shrewd woman. Why was the storm scene omitted in her American production of Cleopatra? Because Bernhardt, with all her genius, is only a woman. Because it must be Bernhardt the public wants to see—not the play. In Sardou's drama was the greatest effect in the act is produced by purely mechanical means, not by Sara Bernhardt. That must be avoided. So Bernhardt cut it out. A sensible woman!"

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William Winter, in the *Theater*, pays the following tribute to Edwin Booth: The opportunity is once more afforded of seeing one the few great actors of this century. In the presence of any professional achievement by Edwin Booth the mind of the observer is conscious of a perfect adequacy and noble fulfillment. The embodiment, whatever it may happen to be called, is genuine. It fills the eye; it awakens the heart; it inspires and satisfies the imagination. It is followed with keen interest and unfailing delight, and it is treasured with affectionate rememberance. You never feel, as you recall Edwin Booth's performances, that when you were looking at them you were wasting your time. Much of the material, and many of the persons customarily shown upon our stage can neither be seen with pleasure now remembered with patience. The acting of Mr. Booth, on the contrary, exemplifies the solid worth of dramatic art—its beauty, its nobility, its beneficence; and therein it shows the reason why the theater should exist. If it were not for the coming of such an actor now and then—to whom Nature has given a great soul as well as suitable physical equipment and mimetic faculty—the stage would be a wilderness of rubbish and the most unmitigated nuisance in the social world. Mr. Booth is probably approaching to close of his public life. He no longer acts often, and his engagements are short. He has had a brilliant career, and no doubt has accomplished all that it was within the scope of his powers to achieve. The performances that he gives in the present do not rise higher, and should not be expected to rise higher, than those that he gave in the past. Such a Hamlet or such a Richelieu this age never saw before, and never will see again. His genius has reached its summit. The fire has begun to die down; but the majesty, the tenderness, the refinement, the grace, the gentle dignity, and serene sweetness, remain untouched by trouble, and only deepened and hallowed by time. Edwin Booth's acting is not likely to be neglected in this capital; but if that were to happen, this community would only show itself blind to its own interest.

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'Varsity Chat.

At the annual meeting of the Literary Society on Friday evening of last week, reports of the several committees were read and adopted. It is strange, but true that oft times when men are transacting business with all seriousness they give expression to much that is humorous and this meeting presented a strong illustration of this. The report of the General Committee showed that one hundred and twelve dollars had been expended during the past year in supplying reading matter for the reading room of the society. The business of the committee, is to carry out the instructions of the society in purchasing what papers may be recommended, and to have these placed on file and kept in proper condition. He is responsible to the society for any neglect of duty, and is liable to be censured if he is dilatory or lacking in due diligence. To do the work of the curator the past year, while he retained the honor and responsibility, an assistant curator—a graduate forsooth was hired by the general committee for the sum of $50. Our Local and Dominion Governments might copy with profit to the country, the example of our society. Sheriffs, registrars, court clerks and other officials might be made to feel satisfied with the honor, responsibility and liability attached to their positions while other men draw the salaries. This would solve the problem involved in the question of office fees. We would not, however, wish the governments to pay $50 for having $112 of property cared for.

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The action of the banks of this city in subscribing $1,200 to found a scholarship in the first year arts, to be competed for by students who agree to attend the lectures and write on the second year Political Science is indeed commendable. They also promise that in appointing bank officers they will, *ceteris paribus*, give the preference to persons presenting a certificate of having taken the first two years in the honor department of Political Science. There are not many graduates to be found among the class of citizens known as bank clerks, and yet it would be difficult to give any reasons why such a state of affairs should exist. Sir Daniel Wilson, in a Convocation address some years ago, referred to the various positions that were filled by graduates, and in a most powerful peroration stated that one graduate had become a successful bank clerk. At this the gallery rang with applause, and the denizens of the corridors cheered again and again.

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The cricket club is in favor of uniting with Trinity and choosing a team to play with a team chosen from American colleges. The 'Varsity cricketers hope that arrangements will be completed whereby an annual college international match will be decided upon. At the last meeting of the club the following officers were elected: President, Prof. Loudon; first vice-president, G. A. Fraser, M.A.; second vice-president, Theo. Coleman; secretary-treasurer, A. E. McLaughlin; captain, H. C. Pope; curator, W. A. Gilmour; committee—W. I. Senkler, W. Cowie, O. P. Edgar, W. L. McQuarrie, A. A. Vickers, P. H. Youmans, P. Kingston and G. Clayes.

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The men who take a keen interest in athletic sports and pastimes have decided to form an athletic association, which will not be under the control of the Literary Society, though the society will be given representation on the committee of management. By this recent move, it would appear, that sports are about to receive the attention for which they for a long time have been struggling and which they deserved to receive years ago. Mr. H. C. Pope is chairman, and Mr. R. K. Barker, secretary of the committee, having on hand the preparation of a constitution for the association.

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Papers prepared by A. T. DeLury, B.A., Vancouver, and C. A. Chant, B.A., Ottawa, were read before the Mathematical and Physical Society last week.

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The medicals visited the old ruins in great numbers this week. They were not after relics or mementoes, but were paying for their tickets of attendance and making sure that everything was just right before they began to write on the examination. A medical has to go deep down into his pocket. A society for the prevention of cruelty to students should be organized, and the medicals should join as about this season of the year they are simply driven about from one part of the city to the other. They must get hospital tickets, tickets at the college, certificates of attendance, tickets from the college registrar, tickets from the University registrar, and not only this but pay for every one of them and have to walk about for hours in order to do so, the various buildings not being closely situated. Such is a medical students lot when it comes near examinations, and still he does nothing but grumble. DRAX ALEEN.

In the Apple Orchard.

For Saturday Night.

In the green orchard sitting,
Of care and strife unwitting,
Where through the branches flitting
The broken sunbeams fall,
Where russet, red and yellow,
The fruit shows ripe and mellow;—
Oh, time that had no fellow!
Oh! sweet time to recall!

No thought was then of sorrow,
No dread of the to-morrow,
No seeking but to borrow
Full bliss of the to-day;
As pure as the first mother,
With no more doubts to smother,
We sang to one another
In joyful, childish play.

Alas! that such pure gladness
Should ever yield to sadness,
To passion's short-lived madness,
Or parting's stress and storm;
That both for lads and lasses
Life's bloom as swiftly passes
As shadows o'er the grasses
When autumn days were warm.

Yet youth is but the showing
Of promise, like the blowing,
With earnest of fruit's growing,
Of blossoms red and white;
Sun-tried, by breezes shaken,
The germ must wax and waken,
Before by man is taken
Therefrom a full delight.

Cheer up! though heart-strings tighten
At memories that brighten
The by-gone days and lighten
With hope thy mist of fears;
Nor careless, nor forgetful,
Yet peaceful, though regretful;
What boots repining fretful
At flight of childish years.

MARIE HAUN.

"The Queen Can Do No Wrong."

Rudyard Kipling.

For Saturday Night.

"Some day I will be good to thee," she says,
And with those words I feed Hop's fickle fire,
And every day with longing on her gaze;
Perhaps to day will crown my bright desire?

But, ah! her loving smiles are not for me,
Each day my heart with pain's more deeply scored
Her each command I slavishly obey
With many smiles, though hopeless of reward.

I think of her as of some glorious strain
Of music, that, though it but calls the tear
Into the eye's, recalled with and delight,
And for each drop, the memory's held more dear;

I'd not reproach her, though for that bright day
When she'll be kind, I should forever long;
I still shall serve her, still for her I'll smile,
And still shall sing, "The Queen can do no wrong."

H. W. C.

Saint and Sinner.

Half hidden in the paw she sits,
A truent sunbeam softly flits
A cross her modest, saint-like face,
As if the angels thought to trace
Upon those features, the divine love
An Easter blessing from above.
Demure, with modest eyes cast down
My angel sits. Ah, I would fast
For forty days for just one look
From those sweet eyes bent on the book!
And if she'd give me three or four,
I'd be content to eat no more.

HER THOUGHTS.

Those horrid aisles (that dress is brown),
I wish those people would sit down.
Now where could she have got that fan?
Oh, I suppose some silly man.
Dear, dear, that chorus boy has a cold.
How that man stares! He's really bold.
My bonnet! Can it have a crook?
I wish I'd taken one more look.
Umph! Who is that with the Platts?
What sights they are in those new hats.
There's Percy—won't he be enraged

When Clara tells him she's engaged?
My! What a fright Bess is in blue;
It cost her ninety dollars, too;
Well, I paid eighty (what a muse!
But then, pa always makes a fuss).
Oh, my! there's Smithy—such a face!
(Those horrid psalms! I've lost my place.)
I hope his sermon won't be long;
The poor, dear fellow isn't strong.
Why, there is Fred! Dear me, what next?
I hope I won't forget the text.

—Life.

The Girl That I Didn't Get.

Yes, there is her picture, standing there,
The one with the full round face
And the laughing mouth, and the loose short hair,
And the brooch at her throat and the sac.
I know it is foolish to keep it there so,
To nourish the old regret;
But I should hate sadly to have her go,
The girl that I didn't get.

I put it away at first, I know,
In the leather frame and case;
And thought I could cherish my anger, and grow
To forget her name and her face.
But I found it was something I couldn't do—
I could only fume and fret,
Till my anger cooled and I got blue,
For the girl that I couldn't get.

For I missed the laughing, good natured face,
As we miss an old friend that away?
So I put it back in the same old place
It had known for many a day.
The picture has faded, the leather looks brown
Too slight 'neath the flame of the jet;
But still I don't think I can take it down—
The girl that I didn't get.

I suppose these are things that we must expect,
For the brightest of metal will rust,
And there's always a fungus that feeds on neglect,
And the clearest of glass gathers dust.
And of course I knew, too, we've been growing away
From those old Summer days when we met;
And there's many a change in us both since the day
Of the girl that I didn't get.

But whatever may come, or whatever may go—
Though the pictures may fade year by year,
There's a very soft spot in my heart, where I know
Her image will always be clear.
And so I can say—and I always will—
Good luck and God bless her yet,
With all my heart, for she has it still,
The girl that I didn't get.

N. Y. Mercury.

All Souls.

The service was over, the church growing dim,
Though still from a window the westering sun
Touched the surpliced choir, as one by one
The passed me, singing the closing hymn.

And from each as they passed I caught a word,
In the different tone of each fresh young voice;
And one sang "Christ," and another "rejoice,"
While still from another "peace" I heard.

Till the great song died in majestic bass,
So each life, I thought, is a fragment here
To make some new message of goodness clear,
Till life's perfect hymn shall reach the stars.

—N. Y. Sun.

Noted People.

More than one million copies of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels have been sold.

It is said that Queen Emma, of Holland, does all the constitutional work of that kingdom.

King Humbert of Italy has often said, "I should wish to be a journalist were I not a king."

Beethoven was once deeply in love, but lacked the courage to make his affection known, and so lived and died devoted to his art and averse to social pleasure.

A fine St. Bernard dog is John Greenleaf Whittier's companion in his daily walks. The poet is fond of pets, and owns two cats, three dogs and three horses.

Mr. John Foord, late editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has gone to Europe as chief adviser and secretary to Mr. Pulitzer of the *World*, who has left this country for his health.

The only woman chief of division in the United States government service is said to be Miss Kate Smith, of the Census Office in Washington. Her annual salary is $1600.

The first American woman who ever entered a Chinese city was Mrs. Oscar, who has lately died. She circumnavigated the globe with her husband, a sea-captain, sixty years ago, and it was then that she visited China.

The Sultan of Turkey is at present an ardent student of the German language. He was able to carry on a short conversation in German with the embassador recently sent by the Emperor of Germany to Constantinople. He professed great admiration for the poetry of Heine and Geibel.

A sister of the late Emma Abbott, Mrs. Clark, says that it is a mistake to suppose that the singer's maid burned up all of Miss Abbott's costumes, in accordance with deathbed instructions. It was only a small portion of her wardrobe, used in sickness, that was destroyed. The stage costumes were bequeathed to Mrs. Clark.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has practically settled that the title of her new book shall be David. Two volumes have been completed, and had it not been for the heavy correspondence entailed by University Hall the third would have been ready. Mrs. Ward has refused the most tempting offers from American syndicates for the rights of publication.

Miss Morse of Brooklyn wields a clever pencil, and earns a handsome living at designing book-covers for two of the largest publishing houses in New York city. This may not be the highest art, yet it is a dignified profession that commands richer profits than are often gained by the average woman who calls herself a legitimate artist.

Of Washington it is said that when his secretary, on some important occasion, was late, and excused himself by saying his watch was too slow, the reply was:

"You will have to get another watch or I another secretary."

Napoleon used to say to his marshals:

"You may ask anything of me but time."

Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, who has been appointed president of the lady managers of the World's Fair, is a sister of Mrs. Fred Grant, and is not only a very beautiful woman, but is an able presiding officer, and is the mistress of several accomplishments. She has lived much abroad, and is said to know Europe as well as she knows her country.

Mr. George Meredith's admirers will be interested to learn that there is to be yet another novel from his pen before the long-expected Journalist. In that same story, The Journalist, by the way, there will be well defined portraits, not only of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, as was long since announced, but of Mr. John Morley, Mr. Stead, and Mr. H. D. Traill.

The home of Olive Schreiner, the author of Dreams and the Story of an African Farm, is at Matjesfontein, Cape Colony. The place consists of a farm, a hotel, a mill, a warehouse, a station, and a few mean houses, and lies in the very heart of the wilderness, surrounded by such scenery as Mrs. Schreiner has often described in her books—level wastes of gray sand and ragged ridges of rock.

When the late General Sherman visited Europe a few years ago, he was lionized by the officers at Gibraltar, and he afterwards related that some of them expressed surprise at the knowledge of military strategy which was displayed during the Western and Southern campaigns of the Civil War. The general rather astonished his hosts by telling them that the strategy which the Americans carried out was the same as was taught by General Hamley in the British Staff College.

A story is told of the late Lord Beauchamp, who chanced once to be sitting next to a Transatlantic belle at an hotel at Florence. The fair one, with true American volubility, soon commenced to ply him with questions, among others, as to who he was. Lord Beauchamp, with characteristic politeness, having disclosed his name, proceeded to discourse upon his place in England, to all of which the lady listened with apparent interest. At length she exclaimed, "Ah! I suppose you made all your money by your celebrated pills!"

Mrs. Bishop, far better known as Miss Bird, the famous traveller, is a gentle-faced, gray-eyed lady, who wears the traditional breakfast caps and heavy, ugly house jewelery, the pride and joy of every Englishwoman's heart. Only very lately has she returned to her native land from a prolonged trip through Western Asia, where she went to establish a hospital in memory of her husband. In the Punjab she founded another hospital, as a memorial to her sister, and is now busily attending to the publication of a work on this latest journey through the Orient.

Lord Tennyson is well known for his apprehension of being mobbed, and many stories are circulated in regard to this monomania. One in an English paper says that Lord Tennyson was taking a country walk with a friend, when a fellow-creature was espied in the distance. "We must turn back," said the poet, "that fellow means to waylay us." His companion persuaded him, however, to continue on their path. They caught up the enemy and passed him. He took no notice of them whatever. "What an extraordinary thing," cried the irritate poet, "the fellow seems to have no idea who I am!"

$1,000 Reward!!

Three or four of us—bachelors in one of the settlements of the Nor'-West—had collected as usual one evening, at one of the "boys" farms and were idly lolling against the fence that surrounded his hay stack, condoling with one another on the hardness of our lots, when we were interrupted in an exhilirating conversation by the sudden arrival, on horseback, of another of the fraternity who electrified us by shouting the above alarming intelligence!

"What on earth's the matter? What are you talking about? Who is alive or dead? For goodness sake, Peter, tell us what is the matter!" we all shout together, probably with the idea it would help him to explain the news more easily.

"Well, if you fellows would only shut up and give me a chance, I'll try and tell you what it means," he replied.

"I have just come from the store, and there were a lot of chaps up there talking about some horse thieves. They say two half-breeds up West stole horses a little while ago, and when the owners came up with them, the breeds deliberately turned round and shot one of them dead!

"The police have been on their trail ever since, some times being almost up with them, but so far they have kept ahead, and now they are supposed to be in hiding somewhere in this neighborhood. Two strange looking fellows were seen down on the flats of the river last night. The government offers $1,000 reward alive or dead."

The effect of Peter's news was electrical. Here was a chance for glory. Every "man" (the eldest was not 21) felt that the time had come.

Here were two blood-thirsty monsters wandering at large in our own settlement. That they would be desperate, we knew, for being guilty of murder, they were sure of the gallows in any case, and it could not put them in a more desperate position, were they to shoot half-a-dozen more.

As to the reward of $1000, I really don't believe we gave it a thought. Nor did we pause to make enquiries as to whether the wild story was true in every particular. Of the fact that there had been a murder committed very lately, and that the police were on the trail Peter had satisfied himself, for amongst the crowd at the store were two or three men who had actually seen and spoken to the police that very morning, while they were resting their horses at a village, some eighteen miles from ours.

Whence the rumour emanated, that two suspicious looking men had been seen in the valley of the river, he could not ascertain, but the fact of there being an Indian reserve near the river bank was good ground we thought for crediting the rumor. It was so probable, we said, that the "breeds," finding themselves so hard pushed and the police so close behind, would make for the valley as near to the reserve as possible, hiding themselves by day in some of the deep, dark gullies, and creeping out by night to some of Indian Joe's cabins on the reserve to get provisions and news as to the whereabouts of the dreaded police.

That the Indians would scruple to hide murderers never crossed our minds.

That all Indians were cruel, crafty, treacherous and bloodthirsty by nature, we firmly believed. How could we think otherwise? Most of the knowledge we had of the Red Man at that time of our lives, had been derived from dime novels, whose author's acquaintance with Indians often did not extend further than the artistic savages who are to be seen mounting guard at the entrance of cigar stores.

"Come on over to my shanty," said Peter, "and we will hold a council of war. I've got lots of fire-arms." And so he had. His place was known as The Armory. He had collected a stock of weapons sufficiently large to arm the settlement. Repeating rifles, snifders, shotguns, revolvers, air-guns, sword sticks, boxing gloves (the latter bear evidences of my sufferings on them yet), and almost every other kind of deadly weapon. Ugh! it makes my blood run cold to think of them.

Away we went—helter-skelter!—over to Peter's. No time to do chores! Let the cattle rustle! We were going to do or die.'

Arrived at his place, we all arranged ourselves as comfortably as we could, for the discussion of the plan of campaign. One sat on the churn, one on the table, another got in a bunk—everyone to his fancy.

Many were the plans we laid—endless the proposals before we finally decided on our course of action. There were four of us in the spree—Peter, Fred, Corry and I. Horses were the difficulty. We felt we must be well mounted, and ours were heavy plough horses, excepting mine. And he wasn't much of anything. But he had been. This was the plan:

Forces—Cavalry and mounted infantry; cavalry—Pete, Fred and myself; mounted infantry and scout—Corry and camera, and pony and cart.

As far as I can learn, our's was the first force that ever took the field with a photographic camera, in place of heavy artillery. At break of day the cavalry was to advance on the valley. We were to divide into three bodies, (I fervently hoped it would'nt be into any more before the day was over). One body was to advance along the river flats, one skirt along the woods that grew upon the slope of the valley, one along the edge, on the prairie, all to head towards the reserve. So much for the cavalry. The mounted infantry and camera was to disguise himself as an itinerant photographer and invade the Indian reserve itself, ostensibly taking photographs of pretty bits of scenery, but in reality, trying to gain any information of the enemy. All the forces were to meet at an appointed rendevous on the borders of the reserve, at one o'clock sharp, to report progress. Was'nt that a brainy scheme.

Having completed our plans we proceeded to arm ourselves. Peter took the Winchester, Fred the Snyder. I had the big duck gun and a very large Colt's revolver. The mounted infantry armed itself with a sword stick and a policeman's baton. Having completed our arrangements, and the hour being now very late, or rather very early, we retired to try and snatch a few hours rest before taking the field.

The morning of June 18, 188—, broke clear and cloudless—so I am told—for unfortunately having been very exhausted with our preparations and excitement the night before, the army overslept itself, and did not awaken until the sun was high in the heavens. However, when it did, all was bustle and confusion in the shanty. The mounted infantry was dressed before the cavalry—having gone to bed with his boots on.

I rushed out anxiously to see if my charger, Black Phantom, was all right, as he had a nasty habit of breaking his tether-rope. However, there he was tied to the fence just as I left him all safe, and—I was going to say sound, but like G. Washington I never told a lie.

In a few minutes all was ready, the mounted infantry hitched up his Shaganappy (native pony) to his cart, loaded on the camera and deployed for the reserve.

Peter ordered "boot and saddle" and Fred and I mounted, which was not quite so easy as it sounds, the duck-gun I had slung across my back was a brute of a weapon, and seemed to extend at least a yard on each side. However, by taking Phantom unawares I succeeded in getting up, and away we went for the valley. Formation three divisions. It did not take us long to reach the edge of the valley. Arrived there we called a halt. According to the plan of the previous evening, the cavalry was to separate into three bodies, one to push along the bottom of the valley, one along the side of the hills and one on the prairie edge of the valley on the top.

Being now really on the "war path" I for one was quite restless, so I elected to stay on the top of the valley while the others went down, for I argued if Fred and Peter went beating through the bush they might come on the murderers unawares, and probably there would be bloodshed. Whereas, if I rode along the top I could see everything and give them warning in time. Dear fellows, I never fully realized what affection they had for me before! They both seemed so reluctant to let me sacrifice myself in this way. However, I was obdurate, and finally, after a parting grip of the hands, the cavalry deployed and took up their allotted positions. It was agreed before we separated that if any detachment saw anything suspicious he should fire one shot; if the enemy was sighted near by, two shots were to be fired; if we came right on them, let fly the whole magazine.

Have you ever, gentle reader, patrolled along the edge of a lonely valley? If you have you will readily understand my feelings. I was alone with Nature and Phantom. The sun shone brightly, the air was fragrant with the breath of flowers, the birds warbled sweetly, the—all the rest of it. And gradually, as half an hour passed and then another, my blood became cooler and I commenced to look at the business in another light.

What a dreadful thing it would be to take a human life, richly as these scoundrels deserved death. Why should I be the instrument? It wasn't any of my funeral, anyway.

I hope I shall not have to do it. I hope I have shown my desire to do my duty without having to shoot anyone. I hope—I hope those other fellows haven't gone home, thought I.

A couple of hours passed and no sign of the enemy, nor had I seen anything of the other cavalry. The Phantom and I were getting hungry, and I thought it was time to be heading for the rendezvous.

Hark! what's that? Crack! crash! snap! My heart stood still. Someone coming up the bank for sure. I could hear the twigs and dead wood breaking. "Steady, Phantom!" (he would keep nibbling the grass). I had no time to unlimber the duck gun.

I grasped the Colts and waited. Nearer and nearer came the sounds. Presently, above the edge appeared the barrels of a gun, then the brim of a hat. I raised my pistol, took a im, and—

"Whoa, Dolly."

Pete never fully realized how narrowly he had escaped death. He, like myself, had been thinking it was about time to meet the mounted infantry.

"Where's Fred?" I inquired.

"The last time I saw him he was scouting along all right," Pete replied.

"Suppose we join forces and go along the valley to the trysting place. We might meet Fred on the way," I suggested. Pete agreed and wheeled his force into line with mine.

We rode along for about a mile without anything unusual occurring, until we came to a pretty thick bluff bordering a deep gully that broke the side of the valley. We had to ride carefully and bend low to escape the low branches that threatened to sweep us off our horses. Peter was a little ahead; I brought up the rear guard. Suddenly a shot rang out in the clear air. We reined up and listened. Then another—and another.

"By Jove! Fred's in it," Peter shouted. "Ride for your life; they may finish him before we can get up!" He pointed forward.

I thought the shots were behind us. I felt sure of it, so I rode for my life. Peter was always impetuous, and I had hard work to stay with him. Crash! bang! through the trees. I thought every moment I should strike a a branch.

Bang! bang! "Help! help!" No mistake now. Fred was battling for his life. We came to the edge of the gully and could see the smoke of the rifles below, but nothing else. The brush was too thick down the sides to attempt riding down. "Cavalry dismount," Peter shouted. I sprang off Phantom, grasping my Colts' tighter, and rushed down the bank after Peter. "Oh the wild charge we made!" More shots! Help! help!

I let off my revolver to encourage Fred, and nearly took off Peter's ear. We reached the bottom of the gully, broke through the brush, and there was poor Fred almost bent double, hanging on like grim death to the bridle of his horse, of which only the head, neck and part of the back was visible. He had unsuspiciously ridden along the bottom of the gully clean into a muskeg, a kind of bottomless swamp, with a thin crust of dead wood, leaves and mould on its surface, which bore his weight for a few seconds and then gave way. If we had not arrived when we did the mare would have disappeared for ever. Hence the shots and shouts.

It took us two hours to get her out, and then another hour to catch the Phantom, who had left for home shortly after I left him.

At four o'clock that afternoon the cavalry arrived at the rendezvous. No sign of the mounted infantry. I regret to have to say it, but the other two detachments of cavalry indulged in language of such an extent as to call forth my severest censure.

At 5.30 the mounted infantry arrived, having lost himself for four hours, and grazed his shins, besides being very personal about the whole affair.

At half-past nine that evening the troops arrived back at the "Armory," having been without food since morning.

Some months afterward we had the satisfaction of hearing that the half-breeds were captured just over the line at a point about two hundred miles from our settlement.

The troop of mounted police that had been seen in our vicinity had been sent down in case the 'breeds headed our way. H. C. M.

An Insult.

Charlie—What an annoying thing! Blank, the tailor, has offered my account for sale.
Amy—And I suppose it was bought by somebody who will force you to pay?
Charlie—No. Nobody would make him an offer for it.—*Munsey's.*

Osgoode Legal and Literary Society.

The last regular business meeting of this society took place last Saturday evening in Convocation Hall, the president in the chair. There was a very fair attendance, considering how busy the majority of law students are just now, wading as intelligently as possible through the ten or fifteen thousand pages of the driest kind of law preparatory to their May examinations.

The secretary, Mr. Lamport, had neglected to bring the key of the society strong box in which the archives repose, and as we are unfortunately not yet provided with "a complete set of burglar's tools," the minutes of last meeting could not be read.

The programme was opened by a song from Mr. Anderson, Seeing Nellie Home. Although the singer did not respond to the encore, still we now know enough about his ability to see that he does not escape us next season. Mr. A. A. Adams read an essay on The Life and Works of Longfellow. The essayist's criticisms were good, and the tender pathos with which he rendered some of his subject's choicest morsels abundantly showed that he has a goodly vein of true poetic fire concealed about his person, and stirred the souls of the law student auditory, than whom are none more susceptible to the tender influences of poetry and love.

The debate on The Advisability of Introducing the Division Court System into the High Court Procedure was not very well sustained, the leader of the affirmative, Mr. A. E. Elliot, proving recreant to his trust and not turning up. However, Mr. W. B. Taylor made a good speech for the negative, being supported by Mr. Kerr, and the affirmative was upheld by Mr. G. J. Ashworth. The president decided in favor of the negative.

Mr. Smellie applied on behalf of the Hockey Club for a grant of $20, which was carried by a large majority. The society are very proud of their team, who as exponents of one of Canada's winter games, proved themselves only second to the Granites, winning six matches out of eight, and even when they met their Waterloo, their flag went down, as one of the speakers felicitiously observed: "Amid black eyes and dilapidated shins," and their redoubtable opponents were constrained to yell right lustily for "Night or Blucher." Speaking of Waterloo, reminds me that one of the stars of the team, and also of the football field, bears a striking likeness to the First Napoleon. However, the resemblance is not altogether complete, as he is by no means a bony party.

The date of the public debate has been finally fixed for April 10, when Mr. Justice Falconbridge has consented to take chair. Invitations can be procured by the members from the secretary or any of the committee of management. The following is the programme:

Octette.....Glee Club
Chairman's Address.....
Song.....Mrs. Caldwell
Recitation.....Mr. F. D. Steward

DEBATE.

Affirmative:	*Negative:*
Mr. J. H. Fish,	Mr. W. T. J. Lee,
Mr. B. M. Jones.	Mr. J. D. Swanson.

Song.....Mrs. Caldwell
Octette.....Glee Club

It is expected that there will be a large attendance. Lex.

Too Much Sleep.

There is enough said about people's not getting enough sleep. Somebody ought to talk about the evils of oversleeping. Let's start out with the proposition that healthy, rational people need eight hours' sleep out of twenty-four. That's what all the books and the wise persons say, so nobody is going to question that very stoutly. Now, if you get four or five hours' sleep, or only two or three, you are likely to feel the worse for it the next day. You will feel drowsy and heavy, no doubt, but with some sudden spur you usually find that you can wake up to even keener effort than usual. Don't you? But the heaviness and drowsiness that come with oversleeping—is there anything half so bad? It won't be shaken off. It presses down on you like a nightmare. Your head aches; you remember seeing a temperance lecturer once cook the white of an egg in a tumbler by pouring alcohol upon it, and he told you that was what happened to the brain of a drunkard. You feel that your brain has got into exactly that cooked and hardened state. You are so drowsy that you are afraid of falling asleep every time you sit down. Your eyelids weigh a pound or so apiece, and you can hardly lift them. You are sodden with sleep. You feel like the travelers who get lost in the snow. You'd rather lie down and get to sleep than anything else in the world—even if you were told you would never wake up again. When you do sleep, the sleeping is only a series of nightmares. In waking and walking some benumbing spell is upon you; you feel neither shame, nor ambition, nor pity, nor any of the sentiments that afflict mankind. That is, you feel this way if you sleep ten hours instead of eight, and are at all like anybody else that The Woman ever heard of.

Always Going.

Elsie—Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor and a lovely fellow, but he is awfully absent-minded.

Ada—Indeed!

Elsie—Only fancy! During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue.

Ada—Well, he won't do the latter again.—*N.Y. Ledger.*

Lenten Diversions.

Strict Rector—My dear, I am astonished to hear that you went the theater during Lent.

Young Lady—It isn't wicked to talk during Lent, is it?

"Of course not, but you went to a play."

"I went with a theater party, and we paid no attention to the play."—*N.Y. Weekly.*

How She Got Him.

He—Here comes the new countess and her husband. She bought him at the Wooley matrimonial bureau.
She—Dear me! he's evidently a job lot.—*Judge.*

THE STAIN ON THE GLASS

By JEAN KATE GULDUN.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO WOMEN.

Through the increasing bustle and excitement following the prisoner's acquittal, two women, dressed plainly and unobtrusively, with their faces veiled from chance curiosity, sat quite silent and motionless in the gallery. One leaned once toward her companion, as the crowd pressed about the released man, and whispered with a quivering voice, so low no other ear could catch the words:

"Heaven is merciful, as I prayed it should be, Kittie. How could they believe him guilty!"

While, for answer, the other pressed the small white hand she held, and patted it, as though she were soothing a child.

They walked from the close, stifling room, so packed but a half hour before, out through the falling rain, to the carriage that had drawn up for them immediately upon their appearance. The driver descended from his box, and opened the door, assisting them to enter, and closing it upon them, the fluttering green curtain before the window hiding them from the curious eyes. Then he mounted his seat, and, whipping up the horses, whirled them away. He had his orders from the prisoner's counsel, perhaps—who knew!—and a fee, besides, from the same source, that bound him body and soul to the service of his fare.

But once out of sight of the crowd; once away from the room where the handsome stranger stood in the prisoner's place, with the haggard face and feverish eyes and half-bewildered manner—once away from this, shut from curiosity by the closed doors and shielding curtain, the rumble and jolting of the carriage, the stern repression this one of the two women placed upon herself gave way utterly, and shrinking in the far corner among the cushions, after flinging aside her veil, she covered her face with her ungloved hands, trembling and sobbing.

Her companion, her veil still over her face, as though she would be ready for chance necessity, bent toward this small, shrinking woman, with infinite pity in the action, as she said with forced calmness, for she, too, had been marvelously moved by the scene at the courtroom:

"You must not give way like this, Helen, dearest. You will make yourself ill weeping. Of what use are tears? He is free. Why should you fear?"

Helen shook her head desolately.

"You wish to be blind, Kittie," she said, forcing herself to speak steadily, that her words should be audible through the roll of wheels and her excitement. "You know comfort as if you could, but you do not know—oh, indeed, you do not know.

The other patted her shoulder affectionately, as she held her within her arms.

"I think you will be better when once you arrive at home, dear," she said, steadily, a gravity in her voice that betrayed she spoke other than she felt. "When you are again at home, and he is there, and all this sorrow has passed—"

"But that is it!" cried the other, piteously, lifting her white face and reproachful eyes. "That is it, Kittie. You do not understand. How could you? It is only those who know what is to come out of this wicked, wicked charge against him. They made me go away when they heard it. They took me away from our dear home. How could I stand out against them when my heart was so sore? They said I should not remain there after—this. That it was unjust and cruel for my name to believe against him made no difference to them. They said the stain was there—the stain of imprisonment! That one mark so high and too proud ever to be sullied! That he has not even yet been cleared beyond suspicion! They said I am but a child—that, perhaps I am, Kittie, dear Kittie, but I am still his wife!"

She broke off in her bitter cry, and again covering her face with her hands, convulsively laid her head upon her friend's shoulder and moaned in a hushed fashion, that hurt her companion more than the wildest cry could do.

"Yes; there, there, dear, you must cheer up," said Kittie. "You must not give way like this, Helen, dear. It could not be that your wife. No one disputes that! Who could, indeed! Are there two happier people in the world than yourself and your husband—"

"But you don't know—you don't understand," interrupted the dark-eyed woman, with sudden vehemence, startling from the soothing arm about her and drying her tears as though tears were truly a weakness at such a moment and only light affections could be moved by them.

"They have not told you, Kittie—I have not told you because I could not bring myself to utter the words before, but now you will know anyhow. Since this has come to us—to my husband and me—they say that we can never any more be to each other what we have been; that I am under age still and owe him obedience, even though I may be married; that they command me to give up my husband—to leave his house—our home, which I made so happy—and if I will not hear of a divorce they command me to agree to a separation until he has been proved beyond a doubt, even beyond the possibility of doubt, not alone free of the crime and the true murderer has been brought to light!

"It was hard—it was cruel, Kittie, for them to come to me at such a time, knowing what my husband is to me, but I was so weary of their arguments, so utterly unable to struggle with them, that at last they took me with them and have forced from me a promise—I don't know when or how, but they say I have passed my word—never again to return to my husband to him until he has been proved innocent or until they see no cause why I should not return.

"How I could have sat quiet and let them in this I am not able to comprehend; but I do not know half that has passed during these dreadful weeks. They say I promised, and I would not say untruth. I supposed I must have yielded from sheer weariness of their urging. They hold me to my word anyway. I came here to-day only because I would not be deceived, promising that you should come with me, and that no word should pass between my husband and myself, and that no one should know who the veiled woman is."

She lifted her head as proudly as though there had never been and could never be hint of stain upon one near or dear to her, from the blood of many a generation was in her veins, and there could nothing lower the lifted head or cause the steady eyes to flinch with shame.

Kittie spoke no word. She knew her friend better than to think of such a thing. She knew that this haughty woman, with her pride and love and honor, would listen to no word uttered against either her husband or her people. If so being she had passed her word to hold herself apart from him, she would keep it unto the death. If they would grant her no leave to return to the home where so much of happiness had come to her, she would add this to her life, and hold herself true to the blue blood descending to her from the days of old. Though her heart might break, it could of necessity never bend.

Presently the low voice resumed:

"They told me this when I would have gone to him upon learning what must account for the suspicion resting upon him. They held me to my promise, though it might have been uttered under such stress of weariness and excitement as made me irresponsible of what I uttered. I remained away, and Frank Whitney said it was his wish. He would have kept from me any hint of this trouble.

"I went to Frank, when they told me of what I had promised, and he also assured me, although not until I forced him to tell me, that I had indeed uttered the words they said at home that I had uttered. I yielded to them, and never more to see my husband until the murderer is discovered or until they grant me leave."

She sat very still now, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes upon nothing in reality, seeing only what her heart and memory painted too distinctly. Her companion dared not offer her sympathy. She dared not break through the proud reserve wrapped so unmistakably about the young wife.

"It was hard as death to sit there and hear what they said of him, knowing that I could not go to him," said the quiet voice. "When they set him free and declared that the circumstantial evidence, although strong in its way, was yet not powerful enough to convict him, and he came away with his one truest friend, who knows how hard it was for me—for me, his wife—to sit apparently unmoved and let him go and never to utter one word of sympathy or trust—to know that a barrier as strong as death and cruel as even prison bars kept me from him—that he, so changed, so saddened, so ill, must go away with only his friend, and I, his wife, must still sit there among those idle watchers, saying nothing, revealing nothing but an idle curiosity—I could have killed myself for the shame of it! I despised myself thoroughly—I despised myself for having yielded to their persuasion!

Silence fell upon them. Only the rumble of the wheels upon the stones broke the utter hush. The curtain flapped and swung as the carriage swayed in their hurried pace.

"It was cruel to let him go away with that terrible look upon his face!" murmured the sweet voice by and by, as though communing with herself and forgetting her companion.

"It was not as his wife should have done. I should have gone to him there—before all those people—and comforted my husband. Instead, I acted like a coward, shrinking in that dark place in the gallery, hidden from all eyes, veiled as though ashamed of what I uttered. As if I would have ever placed such an alternative upon herself!"

"But there is not the faintest trace of cowardice in you, dearest," interrupted the companion, quietly. "You should not utter such a thought. No one would or could believe it of you."

The large, steadfast eyes turned upon the speaker for an instant in intense scorn. Then she answered coldly:

"You say that to comfort me, Kittie. You utter the conventional words you think are required of you when you could not wound me more than by such words. Would you have let him go had you been in my place, Kittie Beilaire? Could you have remained in your safe sliding and see him go away with the trace of suffering greater than words could tell, upon his face?

"But you could not break your promise, dear," said Kittie, gravely.

The other laughed bitterly.

"No; I could not break my promise," she said, steadily. "I could not obtain my honor with a broken word, but I could stain my conscience by shrinking from sharing his suffering and pain. When the firmness I yield to such weakness as placed me beyond the right to fulfill the commands of the church books and divide with my husband the honor or ill, the bitter or worse that should be his, I know that I should forget the commands placed upon me when I promised to love and honor him always! It is wrong that I should suffer, it is just, that he should alone bear the punishment of guilt if he is guilty, or until he is proved innocent. Our law commands that a man shall be considered innocent until he is proved guilty. But do we in social life always hold to that? Should his wife fall below the par of the law? Or, doing so, shall she not always feel scorn of herself?"

The rumble of the wheels grew fainter; the carriage halted; the driver came to the door, and, opening it, informed them with quiet respect, that they were at the station and that the down train would be along within a quarter of an hour. He assisted them to alight with not a sign of curiosity to discover who they might be—they had their right to privacy, he said to himself, later—but his eyes as deeply veiled when the door was opened as when he closed it upon them and their grief or happiness.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GLIMPSE AT A HURT HEART.

The fifteen minutes passed while the two women sat in the waiting-room, and the train coiled itself for a moment at rest beside the platform as they, with others, entered. Very silent the two sat through the journey to the city. As the two men rode on the other line with their busy minds and silent lips, so these women went upon their way, as the distance as it seemed to them. Not that there would come to them any pleasure in arrival at home, but from the human heart's impatience when it hasten to the touch of pain.

Another line they traveled, but ending in the Pennsylvania Depot, and theirs being a shorter route and their home a suburban one, they reached some minutes sooner than the two travelers from the same scene and place.

"We will wait here for your coming—and go," said Helen, with a strained, still voice, laying her hand upon her companion's arm, the veil still screening her face from curious eyes. "I cannot speak to him, I am not allowed to go near him, but who can keep me from looking upon him when he passes? He will never know how his wife stood aside where she was not be seen and watched for his coming—and going! He may, perhaps, think that she does not care—he will undoubtedly believe she is false to her vows when he learns the truth—but while he still believes me true I shall watch him pass and then return to the house and utter no word, and show by no sign that it is not my free will so to do!"

Her eyes were brilliant and flashed even through the thick folds of her veil. Beautiful eyes they must be, some of the passers-by thought, catching a glimpse of them as they came and went in the hurry of the crowd. Beautiful eyes that should not be so hidden under heavy folds of black. Beautiful eyes, indeed, but they did not falter in their steady searching for the one assured form they were seeking from the train. Through all time and place they could never mistake the one face and form for which they watched.

A changed face. Pallid and flushing and pale again, with the fevered, restless eyes noting nothing in passing, the half-vacant expression of the features to be terrible to those in his gaze, standing to see him pass! A face so changed by confinement and suffering, physical and mental, that the Frank Whitney of Madonna nizza by a less eager eye. How could he guess, hurrying to reach his home where his wife awaited him, that the woman who had come to hope to see was shrinking from his sight to let him pass without a word or look to betray what she, too, was suffering!

When they would have lost out of sight in the ferry-boat and steaming away, she turned with supreme calmness to her companion. No quiver in her voice; careless of him, it would seem; from all proof she gave to the contrary, a woman with marvelous self-command, and a pride that might some day crush out her life.

"If you already so will go now, Kittie," she said quietly. And gathering the folds of her veil a trifle closer about her face, she calmly entered the other ferry boat.

Kittie Belaire made no reply, uttered no word, save to give the direction to the driver of the carriage they engaged upon the New York side.

A home, where wealth and taste were upon everything—was this to which they were going. A proud family and proud blood and proud hearts. Kindness of heart, where kindness of heart did not interfere with what the world might say, or what it might demand of these members of it and its blue blood society. Good intentions that failed utterly to recognize a demand when the best of the city's men and women refused to know there should be such. Pride in the beautiful daughter who went from them to another home and happy as high as their own. But when once the shadow of prison bars struck upon this man—suspected, but not yet tried, and had pride for her would have broken her heart and have called it just, without one pang of pity or heart-ache. Perhaps that pride kept her rather have her heart, unmindful of life, stop its throbbing and be cold in death, than live and bear reflect upon them and their pride, the stain upon her husband's name.

She knew to what she was returning as the carriage rolled slowly uptown. She knew what would be her fight to overcome the misery will set against her heart's desire. She knew that it was an almost impossible thing to be granted—the wish in her heart to return to her husband that she might know beyond doubt that this was no terrible illness coming upon him that struck such fatal blow into his face. She would go back to her home directly she knew there was no harm falling upon him. She would keep her promise so far as that. She would, indeed, if so they demanded, not even to speak with him, if only she might be assured there was no harm to him.

When, at last, the carriage stopped at the steps, and they entered the house, neither woman uttered what was in her heart.

Helen threw off her veil, and in the close-fitting black gown that outlined her slender, graceful figure perfectly, went alone to the library at the lower end of the hall, and closing the door upon entering, turned from her friend's sight for many a long day.

Her father was in the room. She knew she would find him there. It was his favorite place at that hour. She had been certain she would find him or she would not have entered. She could not endure to meet other than her present excitement. He was sitting before the grate, where a cheery fire blazed softly, touching the engravings and the paintings upon the walls and the brasses hanging into rosy hues—blood red, she thought, shuddering.

But he was not alone! She started even in her haste and excitement when she saw her companion. She would sooner have died—the thought passed through her mind for one instant as she paused just inside the closed door—than have entered in her black dress and with her pallid face where this other man was. He knew this as well as she, and, as she came into the room, there not a muscle of his face betrayed his feeling. He scarcely glanced at her, but even in his slight turning of his eyes upon her, as she glided into the room like a beautiful phantom, he knew exactly how pale and wan-faced and proud she was. He knew that, too, in his heart, knowing this. For he loved her.

She, with a woman's instinct, shrank as she saw him; but he would not know what she felt, meeting that swift glance from his black eyes. She stood as proud and as self-possessed, with her hand still upon the handle of the door, as though, indeed, she expected to meet him there, or as though he were utterly away.

"You are fatigued, Mrs. Hilton," he said, rising and offering her a chair drawn up beside her father, with the drilling's warmth invitingly. "These late autumn days are disagreeably suggestive of winter. Be seated, pray."

"Thank you," she said, very quietly, but coldly, as always she addressed him.

"I do not care to be seated, Mr. Carlton. I came in to speak with my father. I will leave you again."

"Pray do not do that," he hastened to say, that strange gleam in his eyes not resting on her face. "I was just about to leave Mrs. Hilton. Your father and I were but going over an old argument."

He turned away, offering his hand to her father, and then, bowing with apparent deep respect to her, went quietly from the room, satisfied with his glimpse into her hurt heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

PLEADING.

When he was gone, she stood for a moment quite still before her father, guessing what was the subject of their conversation, her eyes upon him, so unmoved and unmovable in his armchair, with the red light from the fire burning his white hair and stern face. Then, still standing in that hushed attitude, lighting down her heart, she spoke:

"Father," she said, and the low voice, perfectly steady, helped him to guess of what she would speak, "I have kept my promise. I heard him pronounced 'not guilty.' I did not go near him. He went away with his friends; I came away with mine. So far I have not broken my word. But I have come home now, father," the softness of a prayer in her low voice, "to ask of you this thing: He is ill, father. Will you say that I, his wife, may go to him, if but for one moment of time, to know how it is with him? To ask if only he is not suffering physically, as I know he is, in his heart believing that I have failed him when most he needs me! Will you remember the time when you and my mother were young, and the decree of the world was not so strong with you as it is now? Will you say that your daughter, who has always obeyed you, may be released from her promise long enough to know if her husband is well and able to bear this last blow? I know that he is ill, father! I saw it in his face. I have been true to you, father, always! Be kind to me now when your kindness is gone from me and there is nothing for which I should live but to pray for the day to come when I may return to him and prove that I was not false!"

He was not a hard man at heart, did he but learn upon for that to be assumed as his shield of pride. He remembered how short a time before it was that she had not left the home for that of another; what a dutiful daughter she always was! He looked up to her, standing before him in her somber dress with her beautiful face pallid with grief, the brilliant eyes fire with her pleading—erect, proud, self-possessed.

He looked up at her standing there in the rosy glow, a white and woeful woman! She was his daughter, but the world must not be flouted.

He shook his white head, and the stern lips uneasily beneath gray mustaches set still more sternly, as though he would stifle the words that would rise from his heart if he would.

She did not cry out. Very gently and quietly she knelt down beside him, clasping her little hands upon the arm of his chair, and so lifted to him her large dark eyes—larger and darker through her suffering. Very softly and low were the words uttered that rose from her heart.

"Father, I am your daughter, but his wife! To you I owe honor and obedience; to him I have passed my word with the sanction of the church and the world! He would know we fail him now, when most he needs the care of one who loves him! It is so little that I ask—only to go to him and tell him that I am near, to say oath, that I am kept from him only because of words uttered without my own knowledge. I will come back to you when I have told him this, and never until he is proved free of touch of evil will I again go to him!"

Could he refuse her! How proud he was that day when she became Roy Hilton's wife! How the world praised him and them. There was no trouble in marrying them then, and he would not even this beautiful daughter to no other man so willingly, not even to her other suitor, her old school-fellow, their murdered friend. And could he still refuse her? He looked into the sweet, wide dark eyes with their pleading and their truth, into the pure, pallid face, such a short time ago so flushed with happiness, and could he still refuse her?

She knew his consent was said. It had seldom she pleaded with him, but she knew the grave, stern face well enough to read the lines of relenting. She looked into his eyes, and a light crept into her own, a soft touch of color drove away for the moment the pallor from the cheeks, a ghost of a smile for an instant stirred the red lips.

"You know that I cannot refuse you this," he said slowly, and still very sternly, as though he would fight with his heart against the will he yielded, that "you would have kept from me always, Helen. Remember the proud blood in your veins and what is due your family name. Remember the promises you have made regarding your future, and then you may go. In two hours when you have accomplished your errand, you will not bring himself to utter the name of her husband, although how proud he used to be to utter it—you will return. Do not forget whose daughter you are, nor the name you used to bear!"

He turned aside his head, not to see the glad-eyed flushing face turned to meet the bright eyes, not to know of the red, quivering mouth of the woman who was his daughter and the wife of the man accused of the murder of his friend.

But she would not be so turned aside; if he was proud, so was she. She did not offer him the woman's thanks for such a favor. For one instant she laid her warm, red lips upon the stern, firm fingers resting upon the chair beside him, then the carriage door stopped and still and beautiful as when she entered.

She went from the library to her room—her old girlhood's room—and arranged in its most glowing manner the soft hair about her head, and the bit of velvet and feathers of a bonnet, and with a wrap over the darkness of her gown, ran down to the carriage he had ordered from the stables ere she went up to her room. She saw no one but her father and her footman, for she could not bring herself to go to her mother's room, where she knew she would meet with new opposition, but went down very quietly to the waiting carriage and was driven as swiftly as possible to the dear old home in which she had been so happy, in which, too, so much sadness had fallen upon her.

Johnson, the footman, betrayed no surprise at seeing her. Every servant in the house was in a state of excitement. They replied to her inquiry for his master as quietly as she asked. Learning that the lawyer was still in the drawing-room, she went down to him; and at that moment, Frank Whitney, having seen her arrival, came down the stairs to meet her. She gave him no explanation for her presence earlier than she had gone into the room alone in the upper hall, ere they entered her room, she asked of him if her husband were very ill; for she knew, although she was to be deceived, replied very gravely that he was at that moment tossing upon the bed in the height of a feverish attack, and that it was her duty to let him remain in her own room, as he could not be quieted when they attempted to remove him to his own.

She had entered where the sick man lay, when she had asked and gained his promise to send word to her father of the condition of her husband, and to state that, as it was impossible for her to fulfill her errand while her husband was in such a dangerous condition, she would keep her promise, and, for fear of her promise, remain and nurse him until he should recover, or until—

She could not bring herself to utter what would come to her mind, but went ahead of this friend very quietly, as though she never left it, her black dress brushing the heavy carpet and her footsteps scarcely upon it.

She did not start or change color when she saw the change upon the face resting on the pillow, although the ravages of fever during the short time that elapsed since she waited at the station to see him pass. Fever was burning deep color into the sunken cheeks, and the brilliant eyes that shot with fever restlessly about the room, while the low voice muttered constantly broken snatches and incoherent words, that thought the eyes, turn to the dark eyes of the woman crossing so softly the thick carpet.

She bent over him, after standing motionless for one moment, gazing down upon the changed face, and as she laid her cool, soft cheek against his, he muttered her name and that of his old rival, a dark look on his face.

CHAPTER XV.

THROUGH HOURS OF WATCHING.

Frank Whitney, standing at the door, saw a change cross Helen's face; and, although he did not catch the words so faintly uttered, he knew it enough what Roy's raving were like to guess that it was this so affecting her. Crossing the room and standing beside her, he laid his hand gently but firmly on her arm. If she would be with the patient, she must command herself; but he could not forget that he had ever before seen a woman like Roy Hilton's wife. He did not love her now; he was too honorable for that, and had too strong control of his character; but he must always remember what he had seen to give him the power to listen to and voice struck upon her heart most gratefully.

"Poor fellow!" he said, softly. "Poor Roy! You cannot know through what he has passed within these three weeks, Mrs. Hilton. Being his friend, I am made my heart ache many times, going to him to do what I can to do. It will take our best care to bring him safely through this illness."

Helen Hilton drew herself up to her full height, which left her only to her companion's shoulder, and her large dark eyes flashed with indignant light, and her lips curled over any cry there was in her heart. Would this old friend presume upon their friendship to fling before her always her fault in having yielded to the persuasion of her parents and leaving her husband's home, when all the evidence, so far as they could discover, was so black against him? Would he not comprehend what it was to love and how sorely against her will she yielded? He should know her well enough to be certain of that.

"Merciful heavens!" whispered the weak voice, as the flushed face upon the pillows turned away from them, the unseeing eyes brilliant with fever. "I know her not still—he dares tell me that he loves her still—"

The lawyer glanced hastily at the woman beside him to see how she had resisted the sot as the others had done. His own face was immovable in expression, though very pale, and there was like to his eyes that might have startled the sick man's wife indeed, had she seen it. But she did not see it. She conquered her weakness, after those first words of delirious raving, and now she leaned very white and proud and tender, over the flushed face turning upon the pillow, as unmoved by the words as if they were the loving cars such words as these. Very softly and gently she laid her cool hand upon her husband's hot forehead and brushed back the hair, whispering to him soothing fond, foolish words of her love and care.

The lawyer turned away when he saw that this woman still was true to herself and her husband, and leaving the room as noiselessly as he entered, he went into an adjoining room to wait until Roy Hilton's wife should come to him, as he knew that she would do when opportunity came; and he must see her before he left the house.

It was fully an hour later that Helen Hilton came to him from the sick-room, very pale and still, but proud and beautiful and womanly as ever. She came straight across the long room and upto this, her husband's friend and her own. She held out her hand to him with a gracious smile, and he took her only by her strong will. Her large eyes looked larger and darker in the soft light of the room. Her red lips were parted, and a half smile rested upon them, but not a quiver of fear or unbelief. Her dark head was as proudly erect as though never a stain of crime rested upon her husband's name or so fallen upon her own.

"Frank," she said quietly, but with an intensity in her very quietness, her brilliant eyes upon his. "Frank, I have come to you to tell you what it is to me to know that my husband has such a friend as yourself in this time of need. I have nothing to offer as an excuse to you for my harsh conduct in leaving his home and my own because of this—wrong done him. You know that I went away and gave my promise never to return until he should have been proved so innocent that not a stain can touch his name. But I forced from my father the consent to come here and my husband with my own lips that I did not go away because I believed him guilty. I have never from the first shrinking from the charge believed one word of it. Am not I his wife? Could his wife believe that?"

Yes, yes, this was the woman he had loved; this was not the proud, cold, worldly woman who left her husband's home when calamity fell upon him, to rid herself, if so she might, of the humiliation. This was in truth Roy Hilton's wife, and as true and good and beautiful as on the day he married her.

"I know," continued this proud woman, with her unfaltering face turned to his, "I know as well as you and they know that even though the judge and jury acquitted him there still remains a doubt. Not in my heart—never think that his wife would acknowledge his being other than innocent—but there is enough against him in spite of this decision that leaves them at liberty to doubt the correctness of the verdict. I could never rest, knowing this. Never while it remained my father or my mother allowed me to take back my promise and return to his home. There must something be done to prove beyond doubt that he did not murder my dear friend."

"You wonder, Frank Whitney, that I can speak upon this subject so quietly. One can do anything when once one has made up one's mind so to do. There are many in spite of that enthusiastic reception of the verdict, there are many in that town, there are those even in this city who believe my husband guilty. Even with George's own people, this doubt must live until utterly proved. I do not blame them. For such a man—so noble, so young and true—he was my old playfellow, remember, Frank!—to be so murdered and left in such pity and indignation of any one knowing him. There is certain evidence against my husband, and this must be cleared away. If—if clearing this away should prove to all his hard judges that I failed when meeting his eyes, although a deadly pallor struck across her face and those brilliant eyes were wide with terror—"still we must sift the matter to the utmost extent of the law. Nothing shall remain undone that can by any power upon earth cast shadow upon the brave old name and proud old blood of the Hiltons! Nothing shall be left undone to clear from the minds of George's people the hint that my husband's friend always—always, Frank Whitney—of this young man so murdered—I, on the part of my husband, declare that nothing shall go by that can prove the truth."

She looked capable of conquering the world, as she so stood before him, and his eyes proved his admiration for her spirit and determination.

"Wait one moment, Helen," he said, earnestly, a slow flush dawning in his face. "You know as well as I that there is no dependence to be placed upon the ravings of fever, and what Roy says now has no possible weight. One has peculiar fancies when one is under the influence of fever. The words Roy uttered in our presence doubtless arise from the excitement and incident of the trial. That is the last coherent remembrance he had, and, con-

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SICK HEADACHE

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HEAD ACHE

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sequently, he will speak of it in delirium. You are not to think—"

"I had no such thought, indeed," interrupted Helen, hastily. "I speak from what I have thought during these terrible days of waiting, and from what was said and done in the courtroom to-day. As you know, I went there against your wish and that of my husband, but only because I would be certain as to the truth and evidence brought to bear for or against him. I must know what was to come. I would have him proved innocent, but also know for myself that there was not a hint of guilt upon him. I knew that this was necessary, if ever I would return to my husband's home. You know my people as well as I. So long as there remains doubt of the guilt of my husband in this horrible murder, they would not allow me to take back my promise and return to him. I could not ask it, knowing that I would but be refused.

"But we have to do, Frank Whitney—and you are his friend as well as mine—is to work in some powerful way—some way which money will open—to discover the true murderer, which it takes a fortune to do it. I must know, and—I *will!*"

She drew back from him, magnificent in her pride and her passion, calm though she kept her voice. Her dark eyes flashed like fires as they were raised to his. Her red lips quivered with determination as they closed over the last words. Her dainty head was lifted like a queen's. There was no hint of ill upon her name or honor. There should be none upon that of her husband.

Her husband's counsel stood regarding her for a moment in silence, as he frowned deeply upon his brow—as though to be very certain that she was to be trusted. His eyes were unusually stern and stern, meeting those eloquent lifted eyes of his friend's wife. He let her withdraw her hands from his and turned from her after this close scrutiny, forgetful, she thought, of her after him, of her presence. But she was not a woman easily to be forgotten, and he had not forgotten her. He turned from her, bitterness from perplexity and thought upon his brow, and paced the room.

There was some indescribable change upon his face, a pallor unnatural to this self-contained man of the world. But he went up to her and did not flinch from her passionate eyes, and the frown was gone from his face. Very quietly and distinctly he spoke. She listened to him in that proud, still manner of hers, that came only with this dignified consciousness of her husband's mind was clear to comprehend his meaning, and her pride was equal to his. Long and earnestly they talked in the room, with only the dull rumble of wheels and the low murmur of the wind at the windows waking the silence.

And when they returned to the side of the patient, there was a gravity upon both that fell during that time of conversation upon the outcome of which Roy Hilton's fate must hang.

As Helen bent over her husband's bed to see that he was indeed sleeping as his closed eyes led her to believe, they opened suddenly upon her with the vacant stare that chilled her heart to see; and starting up in bed, trembling with his excitement, he whispered hoarsely, clutching her arm to draw her down the better to listen:

"And I tell you—any man who dares breathe—insult to her—may hold his life—cheaply—in my hands!"

(To be Continued.)

What She Did With Herself.

"I won't go—not if I can help myself." The girl who said it was a straight, lithe creature, with a slender waist and well turned head, and a face rather bright and suitable upon merely pretty. She was tripping down the steps of a handsome house, as she spoke; the house which had long been her home, but was not to be much longer.

The girl was Rachel Challoner. Her father, Robert Challoner, went to his business in the city daily, by early train, and Helen and one of her sisters almost always walked through the great beech wood between the house and the railroad to meet him when he came down at night.

What is it? Do men who travel daily on trains become careless? Thousands of times, in the years she had lived at Beech Hill Villa, had Mr. Challoner got on and off the platform in perfect safety. But coming down one night he made some mis-step, and came carried a shattered, broken form home to his family.

As is often the case, his affairs proved involved to a degree nobody had dreamed of. There would be enough left for a living for the widow and four girls, but not in the style they had always maintained.

Mrs. Challoner was one of those pretty, helpless women who knew very well how to spend money, but had not the least idea how to take care of it. Harriet, Laura and Sue, the three older daughters, were fair copies—very fair indeed, for they were great beauties—of mamma.

Not a grain of practical sense in any of them, except the youngest and plainest of them all, our Rachel. When the fact of the smallness of their means was known to them, mamma and the three beauties only looked helplessly at each other, and said:

"What shall we do?"

Ray said:

"That isn't enough. I shall support myself."

"Good gracious, Ray! What could you do?" cried the female chorus.

"I don't know. But I can find something," stoutly returned Ray. "Wash dishes, if nothing better offers."

"Oh, horrid! And you couldn't make your shoes at that!" cried the chorus.

"Then I'll go barefoot," returned Ray, as stoutly as before.

But while they lamented, came a letter from an uncle of Mr. Challoner's, a rich old bachelor, whom everybody called cousin. He wrote that he was going to Europe—bright settle in Paris—didn't have any womankind, and didn't want to live and die alone. If they chose to go abroad with him, they might come to Boston. He would pay expenses, and add a thousand a year to their income. In return they might take care of and amuse him. Would they go?

To go to Europe, especially to Paris, had been a life-dream with the beauties. Go! I should think so! If money had been ten times as scarce as it was, and half-a-dozen putcheky old uncles to take care of instead of one.

Mrs. Challoner drew a long, long sigh of relief and put the question at once. Three "Yesses" greeted her instantly. One faint "no" from Rachel.

"Rachel Challoner! what do you mean?" cried the girls, while mamma looked annoyed and surprised—not so much surprised, either! Ray was always the odd chick among her stately swans.

"I mean I don't want to be dependent on Uncle Simon or anybody else," said Rachel. "I want to stay here and work for myself."

"Nonsense! What could you do?" they asked a second time.

"I told you before I didn't know. And I don't know. But I'll find out."

"Don't be foolish, Ray," said her mother. "What if Uncle Simon does supply the money for us to go abroad, and we might as well share it, at least until some of the girls marry. There may be good chances over there."

"You can have my chance, for the money and the matrimony, too," said Ray, rising and putting on her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Challoner, as Ray lightly said, "Thanks."

"To walk. In the beech wood."

Ray was the only one who went to the beech wood now. The girls could not bear the sight of it, but it was her greatest comfort, and she felt as if she never wanted to go away from it.

"I won't go!" she repeated, as she left the broad walk and turned into the wood. "It will be good for mamma and the girls, I am glad for them. For my part, I hope I think of a life of idleness, dependent upon somebody else for all I have. And I don't want to go away—this was papa's country and he loved it. I cannot leave it—I can't leave him. I have two hands! Why shouldn't I work? Other girls have—and so can I!"

"Of course you can! But what is it, Ray?"

Ray turned suddenly, but not frightened. She knew her sister that slow, sad drawl belonged to nobody but Teddy Lucien—her old friend, Ted.

"Oh, to you, Teddy!" she said. "Was I talking aloud? I'm sure I got scolded enough at home for that silly habit."

"You certainly were talking aloud, Ray. But I wasn't eaves-dropping, and I didn't hear any harm of myself, either."

"I wasn't talking about you, it was myself this time," said Ray, smiling.

"Any secrets?" asked Ted.

Then Ray told him all about it. Teddy Lucien was their near neighbor. They had played together as children, and always been good friends. Ted was a good fellow, and Ray liked him. The rest laughed at him and called him "dandy," but Ray excused him. If he was a little weak, what wonder! He was a rich man's son, and never had anything to do but dress and amuse himself, and there was a kind heart in Ted, she always said, and they shouldn't tease him.

She could talk with her old playmate easier than with any one else, so he soon knew all about Uncle Simon's letter, and all the rest of it, except what she meant to do for herself. She would not tell that, even to him, until she had some sure foundation to build upon.

Teddy sided with her at once.

"Oh, no, you mustn't go, Ray," he said. "I'd miss you dreadfully."

"Wouldn't have any one to quarrel with, would you?" said Ray, laughing.

"We don't always quarrel. You've been my good friend and helped me out of many a scrape, Ray, and I don't want to lose it all, you know. But—where will you stay?"

"I don't know yet," answered Ray. "But I'll find some way to manage it."

Then Ted seemed to grow thoughtful, and sometimes did not hear what Ray said as they walked along. But when they were parting, he said:

"Ray, maybe I'll have something to tell you before long."

"Very well. I walk out here almost every day. Of course I'll help you if I can," said Ray, and wondered as she went up the steps what scrape Ted Lucien had got into now.

But she forgot it in a few days, over her own plans. She hoped she had found her work, and she wrote an eager letter to plead for it. But a letter which brought no answer even before she had hoped for one, and decided the vexed question at home.

For she steadily refused to go to Europe, and Mrs. Challoner and the girls were worried to know what was to be done with her when they were gone.

The afternoon after her answer came, she went out again to the beech wood, and when she saw Theodore Lucien leaning against a huge trunk waiting for her, she hastened to him, thinking, regretfully, "I forgot all about Ted!"

"I was wishing for you," he said, as she came near. "How bright you look to-day, Ray!"

"Do I?" said she. "Well, I've disposed of some little worries, I suppose this time for Ted, didn't you have something to tell me?"

"Yes, I did—I have, Ray. It is about your going off with the rest—I know a way, if you'll take it, and stay."

"Rhyme without reason," laughed Ray, thinking that she knew it better now. "What is it, Ted? I'm sure you're kind to interest yourself for me."

"I wish I was sure you thought so! Or, would, after you hear it," said Teddy, dubiously. "Ray—would you—marry me?"

Ray looked up thunderstruck. She had never dreamed of such a proposal.

"Why, Ted Lucien, are you mad?" she said.

His face dropped instantly through its eager look. "Don't make sport of me, Ray!" he said.

"Indeed I didn't mean to," Ray instantly answered. "But, Teddy, dear, what in the world have you got to keep a wife on?"

"Father will give me plenty," he said, eagerly. "And I'd be so good to you, I would indeed! I'd do everything to please you, Ray!"

"I know you would," said Ray, gently.

"Then couldn't you—please, dear?" he pleaded.

"Oh, Teddy, I couldn't, indeed, I couldn't," and Ray's heart ached as she had to say so coolly that which she saw was giving the generous fellow pain.

"You don't like me, then?" said Teddy, gloomily.

"Ever so much, dear Ted. I love you, as a friend, brother, playmate, anything except—that!"

"Then it's no use. But I do love you, Ray. And I—I was worried for your future."

"Thank you, Ted. But my future is provided for. See here, Ted!" She drew a letter from her pocket, and held it toward him, adding, "Read this!"

But he put his hand behind him.

"No, Ray. I don't want to read your love letters. I suppose some fellow has been more lucky than I have, that's all."

"No, Teddy. This is a business letter, not a love letter. Please read it."

Ted took the letter. It was from a well-known city firm, and it gave Miss Rachel Challoner a situation as bookkeeper, at nine hundred dollars a year, and that was how Ray was provided for. Teddy was astonished and indignant, and protested with all his might.

It was not fair for her to work and all the rest be idle, he said. Why couldn't she go and enjoy herself, too?

"I shouldn't enjoy it at all, Teddy," she said. "It would make me miserable to drag on, dependent upon my relations for all I had. It's no disgrace to work, Teddy! I love people who are energetic and industrious and all that. I honor workingmen and women above all others."

"Then I suppose if I had been a mechanic with hands as black as coal, I'd have stood a better chance with your friend Teddy, gloomily.

"Of course I would, Teddy! I couldn't love any man who was a mere idler, dawdling through life without any purpose. Suppose all men were like that! Would ten times as great work done? Any fine buildings or railroads or telegraphs or machines or—

"Oh, my wives, if they were all like you, Ray!" interrupted Teddy. "I dare say you're right, but it's dreadful hard on a fellow. Is there no hope at all for me, Ray?"

Ray saw that he was deeply in earnest, and it really pained her to say to him that there was no hope. But she couldn't help it. It had all come so suddenly—even if he were not a dandy idler, she never thought of loving Ted—she was sure she didn't, and she couldn't marry without that.

So she still said nay to him, and to the rest when they begged her to give up her plan and go to Europe with them.

They were off at last, reluctantly going to Boston without her, while she established herself in a pleasant boarding-place in the city. And to her great surprise, a few days after mamma and the girls were gone, she received a letter from Uncle Simon, enclosing a check for five hundred dollars.

He was not angry or offended, as they had all thought he would be. He wrote a very kind letter, saying he honored her for her love independence, and sent her the gift lest she might be sick and so lose her salary, and need means. And he did not let him lend her work too hard, his offer to the rest was always open to her, and he would send her money to come to them any time.

Poor, lonely little Ray sent Uncle Simon a grateful letter, wet with her tears, and then took up her work and did it as well as she could, trying her best to be happy. She seldom went down to Beech Hills, though many old friends would gladly have received her. A visit now and then to her father's grave of a Sunday afternoon and back at once to her duties was all she allowed herself.

She never saw Teddy. And it troubled her more than she would own.

"I was his best friend, and I did not think he would have so utterly deserted me," she often said, longing for the sight of his kind, handsome face.

But one afternoon, six months after she went into Fletcher's store, she thought she was going from her work (it was during the warm season, when the stores close at five o'clock) she met Teddy Lucien in Market street face to face.

He greeted her warmly, and it struck her at once there was something different about him from the Teddy of six months ago.

"Why don't you come over and see me?" said he presently. "I thought you would when I got so near home."

"Got near? Where? What do you mean, Teddy?" asked Ray.

"Didn't you know I was your neighbor in the city!" asked he.

"No, indeed! Where and how, Teddy!"

"Come round here and I'll show you. 'Tisn't far, come and see, Ray."

She walked with him round a block or two, into Sixth street, and there over a handsome china store was a sign, "Garner & Lucien," in black and gold, "Garner & Lucien," and on an open work brass banner below it she read, "Fine Pottery, Crockery and Glassware."

She looked at Teddy in utter amazement. "It isn't——"

"Ma'm" he finished for her. "Yes, it is. "I've joined your work-army, Ray. If I don't work with my hands I do with my head, and manage and plan, for I'm junior in this establishment. I do the work, too, for I'm going over to Bremen and Dresden shortly, to buy fine ware. It's likely I'll go to Paris, too, Ray, and see your mother and all the girls."

They were standing at the window now, as if examining the costly treasures inside, but Ray had turned her face and did not answer.

Teddy bent a little and got one glance at her, and then he said quickly:

"Ray! couldn't you go with me and see them, too? Come, darling, I am serving to win you. How long must I serve for my Rachel? May I have her now?"

Ray lifted her face bright, beaming, with the tears sparkling in her eyes, and said:

"She isn't worth having, Teddy, but if you want her—yes!"

And so Fletcher & Burke lost their bookkeeper, but Mrs. Ted Lucien never had cause to regret doing what she did with herself, and to-day her husband is one of the leading business men of a great city, and has no more time to study the cut of his coat or the twist of his mustache, which his elegant wife is one of its happiest women.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Column, SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

IONA.—See Joyce.

MARY ANN.—Lee Joyce.

M. E. G.—The former is not good form and the latter is quite correct.

MAY.—You are impulsive, erratic, careless, vivacious and high-spirited.

GLADYS.—You are impulsive, thoughtless, careless, generous and cheerful.

VIVIEN D.—You are probably cordial, sensitive, mirthful and a little selfish.

HOPE.—You are genial, decisive, vivacious, methodical and quick-tempered.

BUA.—This writing betokens originality, fair order, impulse and self-control.

NELL.—In this writing I see order, reserve, kindness of heart and self-reliance.

PARK.—You are cordial, warm-tempered, a little vain and sympathetic.

LITTLE BROWN EYES.—You are somewhat self-esteeming, sincere, affectionate and resolute.

ATLANTA.—In this writing I see reserve, conscientiousness determination and tenderness.

B.—In this writing I see variable temper, wit, resolution, pride, conscientiousness and sympathy.

GOLDEN ROD.—In this writing I see candor, tenderness, cordiality, sensitiveness and self-will.

JESSIE.—This writing exhibits candor, suspicion, good executive ability and deftness of finger.

ANTICIPATION.—This shows mirth, power of endurance, fondness for social life and splendid intuition.

CHICAGO.—In this writing I see a mind smooth as even temper, method, some selfishness and reserve.

CYNTHIA.—This shows intuitive perception, ambition, energy, some ostentation and decided selfishness.

A.—This shows some self-esteem, dislike of ostentation, affectionate disposition, candor and gentleness.

R. C. D.—Your writing shows method, cordiality, self-reliance, tact and perseverance, with some self-esteem.

SNIP.—You are erratic in disposition, cordial, hasty-tempered, generous, inclined towards exaggeration and energetic.

VESTINA AND ECKRIX.—This writing displays tact, candor, justice, some self-esteem and considerable independence of thought.

CHILDE HAROLDE.—I'm afraid you are flippant—flippant and mercenary, though your writing denotes fair ambition, loyality and perseverance.

DENIS.—Oh, Dennis, you are indolent. It would be hard to tire you with rest, and you are good-natured, careless, flippant, and true-hearted.

HELEN.—Your little letter of kindness and confidence has just been received. I'm sorry I can't do what you want and your love to the Maiden in Brown she will be sure to see it.

A NOVICE.—Your writing exhibits sympathy, generosity, tenderness, originality, cheerfulness and carelessness. 2. No, I did not hear the little lad. It was, perhaps, a misfortune.

CHICA-DEE.—Yes, you may write again. I shall be glad to read another of your good-natured little letters. 2. Your writing shows cordiality, candor, fair order, decision and cheerfulness.

JOYCE.—You are warm hearted, impulsive, indecisive, generous and energetic. 2. You misused the word "avocation." 3 I would not like to make a decisive statement about the other.

ADELAIDE.—This writing shows some vanity, tenderness and method in addition. 2. The portrait is that of a self-reliant, generous, tender-hearted girl, with considerable will and some tact.

NAMON.—In your nicely-written note I observe the following characteristics: Tenderness, order, animation, hasty temper, independence of thought and mirth—I am sorry not to have been able to answer before.

DICKIE.—You cannot do anything, just sit still and be good. 2. You wear blue, green and yellow, don't make yours if hideous in pink and don't wear brown unless your hair is a pretty chestnut, red or yellow.

CLARIBEL.—Thank you—the pseudonym is so illegibly written that I cannot be sure I have read it right. The writing shows energy, fondness for ostentatious display, admiration, hasty temper, originality and wit.

MOUSIE.—It must be tan if it is clear brown, but if your skin is growing yellow, you are bilious and your blood is in an unhealthy condition. 2. Your writing shows some vanity, candor, tact, good executive ability and cheerfulness.

RIDEAU.—Numbers one and two show frankness, delicacy of thought and feeling, energy, self-esteem and marked modesty. Numbers three and four exhibit delicacy of purpose, some carelessness, sensitiveness, originality and much tenderness.

M. R. A.—Yes, it can be obtained there, but I cannot state the cost because it varies. I wish I could have answered your letter before, but I have only now come upon it. 2. Your writing shows strong self-reliance, tact, perseverance, sympathy and decision.

MARVEL.—The eyes show candor, the nose curiosity, fondness for luxury and considerable wit, the mouth exhibits tenderness, lack of self-control, vivacity and loquacity. The chin is indecisive and the brow is hidden by the bangs, and therefore cannot be delineated. Am returning the photograph.

MINNIE.—Your letter was a pleasure to read, my new correspondent, and I will be glad to read the photograph for you. 1. Your writing shows help, hinting and why, indeed, should you wish to? 3. Your writing shows tenderness, fitful energy and perseverance, uncelfishness and a somewhat hasty temper.

FRANAR.—I shall indeed be pleased to add you to the "correspondents who write often." The best book on elocution is Bell's Standard Elocutionist. Write for systematized principles you will find The Canadian Elocutionist preferable. 2. Your writing denotes carelessness of mind, some decision, independence of thought a little selfishness and decided originality.

SNOWDROP.—Dark red or green will be becoming, also yellow and faint pink. 2. It is hard to speak decisively on so important a matter, for, you see, he may be much older for his age than you are for yours. 3. Your writing shows fair decision, considerable self will, animation, self-reliance and candor. 4. The reason for your name interested me very much. It is not often that little ones are named so suitably.

AIDA.—My dear correspondent, I am much afraid that I cannot do anything to help you about those eyes. If it were just a matter of occasional troubles from wind or over work, rest and the simple lotion would help them, but I fear that there is something radically wrong with them, and, if I were you, I would see an occulist about them. It was no trouble to answer your questions, and I am so sorry about your eyes.

A WEST INDIAN CORRESPONDENT.—Your letter was interesting. Indeed, I did wonder how you got hold of it there. You must have opportunities of which we cannot in having lived in the north and the south, too. Will you write again sometime and tell us more about your life and the country and address to Cilp Carew at this office? 2 Your writing shows vivacity, justice, warmth of feeling, a hasty temper, some vanity and decided secretiveness.

ESO.—Ah, I feel for you—how much you will never know—but, as I have often said before in this column, do not hasten to be married. Rely on your own womanly feeling and your evident knowledge of human nature, you will not mistake your life's path. It is too serious to trust lightly, and I was glad to read your excellent thoughts and your sober questionings. The enclosed shows earnestness of purpose, tenderness, vanity, considerable selfishness, a enterprise and impulse.

ELLANY.—The coat of arms was used as a distinguishing mark of possession in the long ago. Carriages, linen and all personal accessories were marked with the coat of arms. The crest is only a part, properly the decoration of the helmet, but the terms are now used loosely. Anyone can adopt a crest and motto for their use, but it seems a foolish imitation, and for my part I would use my monogram instead. That, at least, is yours indisputably. 2. Your writing shows impulse, pride, generosity, tenderness and self-reliance.

WHITEUNDAY.—The odd rhyme goes, "Born of a Sunday, fair of face, the child born on that day will be full of grace; if, as there is in all the other dear old superstitions and predictions which we are "brought up on," it is true, the man who said that a fair face was a recommendation to desperate chances of being an old maid. So now do be good. Do you remember that I said that cancer oil will cure your hair grey. 5. There is no difference; they are each well-recognized among the trades. It is a pleasure to give you any assistance that I can.

BRAH.—I think the study is not correctly named, for the word "after" means to us after the sun has gone. Of course it can be defined by the supposition that our sun is always in only a second condition. For instance, after high noon, or after the sun has gone. It can be justly criticized and yet defended. Did you go down to the Art Exhibition? I am almost sure that you did and I know you enjoyed the fine pictures, and poked about here and there filling your head brain with ideas, and pleased beyond the power of speech. 2. Your writing shows tireless energy, intuitive perception, self-will, strength of purpose, tenderness, a lack of self-control and decided cheerfulness with some carelessness. Will you send me a specimen which will find you, I want to write you a private letter.

For Malaria

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. E. G. DAVIES, DeSmet, Dak., says: "I have used it in malarial convalescents and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinking water was bad; I believe it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaints; also one of my children was very slow to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

Burned or Buried.

A Paris newspaper has received some interesting and amusing answers to the lugubrious question addressed to leading literary Frenchmen: "Do you prefer to be buried or cremated?—Incinerated the French call it. "Burned, burned," answers Sardou. "I shall have much more pleasure in being burned." Francis Coppee, the poet, says he does not fear death, but prefer that he should be put to rest with his parents in the family tomb. Leconte de Lisle, another poet, says he has "no desire either to be buried or cremated." Alphonse Daudet says there that "the two methods are equally disagreeable." Father Hyacinthe Loyson is not personally interested in the disposition of his body after death. "The question," he says, "is one that no one is interred alive—which happens more frequently than people imagine." "My dear *confrere*," he continues, "I hope you will want," writes Zola. His opinion is that "cremation has cleanliness on its side, but I fear it will be slow to establish itself, because it wounds the affection we have for our dead. As to my personal tastes, I have not yet been interrogated, but I really think it would be best to leave the choice of the place of burial to those who are left behind and who love us." Francisque Sarcey, the famous dramatic critic, if he die in Paris, would prefer cremation, "inclineration," and considers that cremation is the best mode of disposing of the dead. The venerable Jules Simon, writes, "I have not made the choice. It is probable that I won't make a will, having nothing to leave to anyone. My children will choose the method which will cause them the least pain. I leave to them the option of preserving my cinders in an urn or my bones in a tomb. I know that Catholics oppose cremation because of their belief in the resurrection of the body; but there remains little of our bodies in the cemeteries, and God does not need human dust in order to resurrect the human body."

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"What did the burglar do?"

"He explained that he had no notion of taking her."—*Puck.*

Sometimes she Doesn't.

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Rodd—What's that?

Sanso—An engagement ring. — *Harper's Bazar.*

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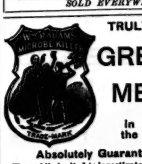

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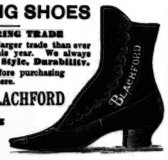

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One girl had lots of money and his other girl had none:
But the wealthy girl declined him, so he took the other one.
—*Judge.*

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

yellow chick whose head unscrewed and whose plump little body held just thirteen eggs.

•

The assemblies given under the auspices of the Royal Grenadiers have been indeed pleasurable events. The third and last one will, I am sure, prove a worthy successor to the former ones. Perhaps there will be even more zest with regard to this one, for the inanition of Lenten days will prove a sharpener of appetites for social joys.

•

Mrs. J. W. Scales of Wellington place gave an At Home for young people on Tuesday evening last, at which the little hostess, Miss Maud Scales, proved an efficient and charming entertainer.

•

On Friday and Saturday afternoons of next week, Prof. Lott, Mus. Doc., of London, Eng., will lecture in Trinity Convocation Hall on the Music of the Ancients, and Rameau as a Theorist and Musician.

•

La soiree Francaise donnee Samedi dernier chez Mme. Beard, rue Jarvis, a ete la mieux reussie de toutes, et les nombreux invites en garderont longtemps le souvenir.

•

Quatre charmantes Torontoniames ont veritablement charme l'auditoire. Elles sont venues reciter de petits morceaux Francais, composes par la circonstance par M. Coutellier. Les Morceaux 'etaient relatifs aux differents pays representes par chacune de ces dames.

•

Mme. Denison s'est d'abord presentee en costume d' Anversoise, puis est apparne; Mlle. L. Taylor, ensuite d' un delicieux costume d' espagnole, ensuite est arrivee le tour; Mlle. F. Taylor, charmante sous son costume de Hollandaise; et aussi Mlle. Graham, est venue sous les atours d'une jeune Sulsesse. Son costume etait on ne peut plus reussi. Les morceaux ont ete parfaitement rendus. M. Coutellier a alors recite un des ses monologues, et on s'est separe en se donnant rendezvous pour Samedi le 4 Avril, chez Mme. Proctor, 71 rue Grenville. Parmi les personnes presentes nous pouvous citer. M. M. Rowan, Meyer, Hill, Jones, Mason, Forster, DasBrisay, Friedewald, Catto, Dr. Graham, Mesdames Macdonald, Proctor, Smith, Denison, Carveth, Savigney, Square, Graham, Fox, Miles, Taylor, L. Taylor, MacMahon, Langlois, Ellis, Hamilton, Graham, Martin, Howson, Trotter, et quelques autres dont les noms nous echappent.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Flesher (*nee* Helen Gregory) and her mother, Mrs. Gregory, left Hamilton on Saturday last for California, the latter for a visit of several months. Mrs. Flesher will continue to contribute as usual to journals and magazines, and in her maiden name.

•

Mr. S. H. Clark is giving readings in Boston and vicinity during Easter week.

•

Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood gives a luncheon on Monday.

•

Prof. Clark of Trinity College has this week been giving a series of Lenten lectures on The Christian Graces in St. Simon's church.

•

Mrs. L. McFarlane has bidden some of her many friends to afternoon tea on Wednesday next.

•

Mr. J. Enoch Thompson and family sail for Europe next week. Mrs. Thompson's friends will lack their delightful reunions at Derwent Lodge, and her inner circle of friends will miss her sadly from their society.

•

Hon. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson will be At Home to Toronto's fairest and bravest on Thursday evening next. Their party and the fancy ball, the following evening, open the post Lenten season brilliantly.

•

The Owls came out in all the glory of dainty silver club badges last Saturday night. His silver owlship is as cute as he can be. Mrs. Beard and Mrs. A. E. Denison were the hostesses on this occasion.

•

One who was there sends me the following account of a farewell supper: "On Saturday evening last Mr. F. D. Anderson of the Bank of Montreal invited about fifteen young men to attend a farewell supper at his rooms in honor of Mr. Charlie Pardee, who has been ordered to the Winnipeg branch of the Bank of Montreal. About nine o'clock we all sat down to whist and enjoyed several rubbers at that intellectual came after which came music. Supper was then announced and we all adjourned to the dining-room where a splendid repast awaited us. After justice had been done to the "spread" the different toasts were proposed, the toast of the guest of the evening being most heartily recived with cheers and the singing of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Then speeches and stories were the order for the rest of the evening. About thirty young fellows were at the G. T. R. station to wish Charlie a safe and pleasant journey, and as the train pulled out we gave three ringing cheers and a tiger for the popular young gentleman whom we hope will soon find a warm place in the hearts of the Winnipeggers."

Miss Effie Newton, Abbot College, Devon, England, is staying with Mrs. H. C. Houghton of Landsdown avenue.

GRAND EVENING CONCERT

IN

ASSOCIATION HALL, YONGE STREET

Thursday, April 9, 1891

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON

ASSISTED BY

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, Miss Irene Gurney, Miss Louie Gordon, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison and Misses Lillian Littlehales, Kate Archer and Lina Adamson.

The piano to be used on this occasion will be a Knabe Grand, from Messrs. Gourlay, Leeming & Winter.

Tickets can be obtained from Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, I. Suckling & Sons, Gourlay, Leeming & Winter, Whaley & Royce and Thos. Claxton.

Plan open at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's April 2, 1891.

The Toronto Philharmonic Society

Have pleasure in announcing the special engagement of

CHARLES SANTLEY

Of London, Eng., the Premier Baritone of the World, for their two concerts, APRIL 6 and 7.

Mendelssohn's Oratorio ELIJAH, Mozart's Cantata EVE, and Miscellaneous Selections.

A Grand Musical Festival

Subscription lists now open at Nordheimer's, Mason & Risch's, Suckling's, Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, and the Toronto College of Music. Tickets only $2 each. Subscribers will have first choice of reserved seats.

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Chapped Hands and Face, Rough Skin, &c.

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Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

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Grand Opera House

EASTER WEEK.

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

MR. HENRY E.

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AND HIS COMPANY OF MERRY PLAYERS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. BARCLAY H. WARBURTON.

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A HUMOROUS ELABORATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S SUBLIME SOLILOQUY.

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Forms the apex and crowning point of the Musical Pyramid of Canadian Manufacture.

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GREAT WHOLESALE BANKRUPT SALE OF BOYD BROTHERS' STOCK

Of Linens, Cottons and Housefurnishing Goods

ALSO THE

MONTREAL WHOLESALE BANKRUPT STOCK

AMOUNTING TO **$50,000.00** WORTH OF

SILKS! SATINS! DRESS GOODS!

NOTE---No great Dry Goods sale for years past has caused such a sensation among the ladies of Toronto, and our great regret is that many went away on Thursday on account of our help being insufficient. We have now engaged a large staff for this special sale, and hope to be able to wait upon all who kindly favor us with a call. THE BON MARCHE, 7 & 9 King St. East

NEW CARPETS

NEW CARPETS

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

The Carpet and Furnishing Warehouse

OF THE DOMINION

This season's importations excel anything heretofore exhibited. They are on such a colossal scale, almost sufficient to meet the wants of the entire country, with prices that cannot be beaten. One feature---not only in the carpet, but other departments---is that the greatest portion of the styles and class of goods are not to be found anywhere else in Ontario. They comprise:

Templeton's Victorian Axminster Carpets

Which cannot be imitated in inferior goods. Also their Parquet Squares, now so much in demand. Sizes—5.0 x 9.0, 7.0 x 10.5, 9.0 x 12.0, 10.6 x 12.0 and 12.0 x 15.0 feet.

The Mosiac Velvet Carpet

Which with 7-8th border makes the carpet 14 ft. 3 in wide, and can be made any length. It is practically in one piece, showing no lumpy seams. Solid colors in New Blue, Terra Cotta and Gold.

Patent and Royal Axminsters, Wiltons and Velvets

Our stock in these goods is so well known that it is needless to say much, except that we have excelled ourselves. We have had 4-4 stairs made to match hall carpets.

Brussels Carpets

We find it difficult, owing to the immense quantity coming in, to place the goods in stock, so in order to make room we have REDUCED ALL PATTERNS OF WHICH WE HAVE ONLY TWO PIECES AND UNDER TO $1 AND $1.10 cash. Some of these are our extra quality at $1.35 per yard.

Tapestry Carpets

Have just opened a job lot of best 10-wire and second quality, which we sell at 45c., 52½c., 57c. and 70c. net cash—a great bargain

Kidderminster or Wool Carpets

Are being used more and more every year. The quality is better than before, and patterns equal to Brussels. We keep only English manufacture; best quality made, $1 cash.

Oriental Rugs

These will arrive soon, and comprise a choice assortment of ANTIQUE DAGHESTAN, KEZAC AND AFGHANS, purchased for us at a very low figure in the foreign markets. There will also be found in the rug room the new BYZANTINE rug, of a quality between a Kensington and a Smyrna, in sizes from a small door mat to a rug 12 x 15 feet. An immense variety of hearth rugs to suit all carpets.

Sole Agent for Toronto of Nairn's Linoleums and Oilcloths

Best goods manufactured in the world. Also STAINES' INLAID LINOLEUM, something new, of great durability and almost impossible to wear it out. Width of oilcloths up to 24 feet and linoleums to 12 feet.

Cork Carpet

Best quality, in plain and figured goods.

Church Carpets

Having supplied the greater number of new and old churches in Ontario, we are com pelled to carry a very large stock, and now have from 500 to 3,500 yards of a pattern in Wool, Tapestry and Brussels.

The Aurora Sweeper

Over 2,500 in use in this city.

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Ladies should not fail to inspect our new importations of

FINE FANCY DRY GOODS AND STAPLES

They will find them to be a source of delight and pleasure and the

Great Variety of Designs and Styles

and our moderate prices are guarantee

THAT EVERYBODY WILL BE SUITED

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Dixey's Seven Ages.

The organization which is to be at the Grand Opera House next week has many things to recommend it. The reputation which Mr. Dixey has won for creditable burlesque performances has been long since established. Everyone remembers his merry Adonis, and the sensation it created during its phenomenal run. The Seven Ages, which will be seen here next week for the first time, has now been on the boards for two seasons, and general comment implies that it is a vast improvement on its famous predecessor. Unlike the conventional burlesque, Mr. Dixey's productions are free from all that broadness which has unfortunately linked itself to this department of the drama. His latest effort, the Seven Ages, has earned the unqualified approval of the popular critics. Although built on burlesque lines it can hardly be termed a burlesque as a whole. The idea of the Seven Ages of Man, as described by the immortal bard, is followed as closely as the license of comedy will allow. Hence there is a delightful mixture of burlesque, spectacle, satire and very genuine and sometimes pathetic comedy. The company is a large one, and everything will be done to make the production perfect in every detail.

A Musical Lecture

Mr. W. O. Forsyth gave his tenth lecture to the students of the College of Music, Monday morning last, on the great instrumental art form, The Sonata. This was a rare treat for the students, as Mr. Forsyth played several movements, analyzing them thoroughly, and showing the class the structure, the principal themes and motives, how elaborated and developed, and the proper way of hearing a sonata, quartette or symphony, in mentally grasping the leading motives or themes, and following them through their various transformations.

Books and Magazines.

The leading article in the March *Belford's* is one by ex-president Grover Cleveland, entitled, The Campaign of Education. The First Vigilance Committee in San Francisco by One of them, as well as a chatty article on Beau Brummel will also commend themselves to most readers. Political questions are treated of, and the lovers of fiction are provided for. Several pretty poems are included in the number among which, one entitled, March Waking, by Miss Elizabeth Roberts, sister of Prof. C. G. D. Roberts is especially interesting to Canadian readers. Editorial notes and book notices close a most interesting programme.

Scribner's for April is not an especially interesting number. The leading article is on Ocean Passenger Travel, and by John H. Gould. The American artist, Birge Harrison, writes a description of A Kangaroo Hunt, illustrated by himself. Rollo Ogden has a critical article on the Spanish poet, De Arco, with portrait; and A. J. Mounteney Jephson tells of The Relief of Captain Nelson, in connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Poems by Archibald Lampman and Graham R. Tomson, a translation of Horace's Ode XXI., with engraving complete the poetry. Fiction lovers are ministered to with a short story entitled The Phenix, and the serial Jerry, which, by the way, will be concluded in the May number. The Point of View is up to its usual high standard, and Mr. Frost is mirth-provoking as ever in his humorous sketches.

The April *Cosmopolitan* is a splendid number. The illustrations throughout are beautiful and plentiful. Frederic Villiers continues The Story of My Life. An article on Meissonier, entitled The Master of Genre, gives a good critical estimate of his work, with engravings of ten or more of his famous pictures. There is a fine article by Miss Elizabeth Bisland on dancing, The Eldest of Arts. The prize which the *Cosmopolitan* offered for the best short essay descriptive of farm life, with suggestions as to ways of making it attractive and happy, was won by Miss Jennie E. Hooker of Indiana and her essay is included in the present number, as also an article on the Farmers' Alliance by W. A. Peffer, the newly-elected senator for Kansas. There is one short story and several poems. Murat Halstead writes on Bismarck and Sherman, and Brander Matthews reviews Certain Recent Novels by American Women.

Very Explicit.

"Shall I shovel off the sidewalk, ma'am?" inquired the boy with the snow-shovel.

"No; I may need the sidewalk again," replied the good woman, who happened to be a Vassar graduate, "you may remove the snow, however."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Necessary Preliminary.

Mrs. Goodly—What an indispensable institution matrimony is!

Mrs. Chicago—Yes, indeed! Why, one couldn't get a divorce unless one was married first, you know.—*Munsey's.*

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S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

THE millinery openings of this store are to womankind one of the important events of the year. They may know of millinery being sold here and there, but they do not learn fashion's bearings until this store comes to the front with its well planned season's opening.

Our Spring millinery is now ready for your inspection.

Flowers will be extensively used and they certainly simulate nature more closely than ever before. Gold and silver are seen upon every hat and toque, and the enhanced effect is quite charming. Ribbons, galloons, laces, braids and full set pieces are produced in gold and silver. In flowers pinks promise to be good, many shades being shown. Yellows will be used with black and also with gold In straws ecru and grey stand first in public favor.

As to shapes and styles "Longchamps," "Cinderella," "Borachia," "Chasse" and "Ilma" can be named as holding a first position.

Examine our Mantles as you come out of the Millinery rooms. The best the world's markets furnish are here.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts., Toronto

FLORAL Bingham's PERFUMES

100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BROWN—At Toronto, on March 22, Mrs. Charles J. Brown—a son.

LEE—At Toronto, on March 17, Mrs. J. W. Lee—a daughter.

MCLEAN—At Toronto, on March 23, Mrs. Archibald D. McLean—a son.

JACKSON—At Clinton, on March 21, Mrs. J. S. Jackson—a daughter.

MOORE—At Islington, on March 18, Mrs. Arthur W. B. Moore—a son.

WEBSTER—At Toronto, on March 21, Mrs. A. F. Webster—a son.

Marriages.

JACOBS-FOX—At King City, on March 19, Albert Jacobs of Toronto to Frances Uretia Fox.

YATES-LINDSAY—At Ingersoll, on April 10, the Rev. Ernest S. Yates of Forest, Ont., to Louisa Lindsay.

SNOWDEN—ALLEN—At Toronto, on March 23, Samuel Snowden to Minnie Allen, all of Darlington.

Deaths.

DAVISON—At Barrie, on March 21, Catherine V. C. Davison, aged 35 years.

MACDOUGALL—At Toronto, on March 22, infant son of the late William MacDougall of Glasgow, Scotland, aged 1 year.

PATERSON—At Montreal, on March 20, Mrs. John A. Paterson.

TIDEY—At Toronto, James Tidey, aged 61 years.

HARRISON—At Selkirk, on March 18, Mrs. Amelia Tipton Harrison, aged 91 years.

SPECIAL EARLY

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LADIES' JACKETS---Coats in all the newest shades and styles, and in Black, Navy and all desirable colors. HUNDREDS OF STYLES.

NEW DOLMANS, WRAPS AND DEEP CAPES.

CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' Coats and Wraps in all the new shapes and colors, very cheap.

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OSBORNE—At Parkersville, Ont., on March 2, Thomas H. C. Osborne, aged 54 years.

CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on March 22, Mrs. James B. Campbell.

ANDERSON—At Kells, Nipissing District, on March 21, Thomas Anderson.

MURRAY—At Stayner, on March 19, Mrs. Isabella Murray, aged 71 years.

ROSS—At Chicago, on March 22, Mrs. Ross.

JACKSON—At Ste. Marie, Mich., Mrs. A. Jackson, aged 34 years.

MERKLEY—At Morrisburg, on March 19, James J. Merkley, aged 57 years.

Fathers - - and - - Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

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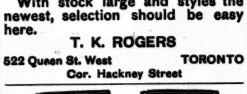

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One Side of the Wife's Duties.

Husbands in general are not unselfish, though they may think themselves kind and generous. A man does not often consider what his wife's existence is, in what proportions her work and pleasures lie, or what she gives in return for what she receives. Absorbed in their own ambitions, business cares or pleasures, how many men ask themselves what sort of life their wife leads, whether she has strength enough for herself and the children she rears, hope enough to make life cheery, chances enough for development, share enough in the general ambition and success of the family as a whole?

We do not want to see women attempting to seize a mastership, or growing quarrelsome about imaginary rights, but we do want them to see that the unselfishness which seems a virtue is practically the abandonment of their position. To claim the full rights and privileges of thinking, self-respecting, free human souls is to undermine a thousand wrongs and humiliations, to render themselves the more beloved for their apparent audacity, and to, at the same time, secure the best conditions for their children.

Women must learn that if they bear wrongs other women must bear the same; if they do not claim personal respect, neither can their sisters. If they are weak or oppressed, how can their children be strong or noble? This habitual self-effacement leads to all manner of weakness. A woman will tell lies to shield her husband, or perhaps to shield her own pride. If she is pinched, or bruised, or injured, if things are broken in a fit of temper, she will swear it was not he, it was the result of accident purely. If he insults her by boasting of his connection with other women, she does not resent it; if he squanders the money, she works the later and the harder to replace it; if he drinks, she hides the fact and shelters him with lies, and bears him dipsomaniac children. In time she does not own her own body or mind, and her only morality is to be faithful to the marriage contract.

The long suffering, patient, enduring temper of women under hardship only leads to hardship's continuance. They should have more trust in their own intuition of right, think more of their own lives and destiny, and of the lives they bequeath to the race. For it is often easier to endure than to act, and the true unselfishness is to be selfish for the good of others. They must think more of self, if self is to have more dignity and more worth; they must gain for themselves more liberty and more respect, that the children and the race may be stronger and nobler, inheriting less of passion and of vice, less of the weak and tired-out household drudge, more physical and intellectual strength, more mental and moral cleanliness. If women thus aim at the enhancement of their own individualism, there will be no need to change the method of marriage relationships; and in time, by women's efforts to restore their side of the balance in the marriage scales, we may find married women a better treated class than those who are bound by no legal bond.

To be Found Out.

Professor Bohn—Do you know I like to study young women.

Miss Sharpe—And have you studied me out?

Professor—Not quite; but I shall find you out very soon.

Miss Sharpe—Yes, I think you will the next time you call.—*Harper's Bazar.*